MAGNETIC · PARIS

ADELAIDE · MACK

MASTER CARD

COLLEGIUM STI. JOSEPH · PHILADELPHIENSE · 1851

DO NOT REMOVE THIS CARD
FROM THIS BOOK.
PENALTY OF $2.00 IF CARD IS
LOST OR MUTILATED.

AUTHOR

ACC. NO.

151148 MAGNETIC PAR

DREXEL

ST. JO

WOODSON F 151146
MAGNETIC PARIS
DC - 707
W75

Library
St. Joseph's College
City Avenue at 54th Street
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19131

DEMCO

LE TEMOIN
LE RIRE
LE PNEU
MICHELIN
BOIT
LA
LECTURE
POUR
TOUS
EAU
DE
VICHY
C.S.

Kiosk

[Woodson, Florence]

MAGNETIC PARIS

By

ADELAIDE MACK

ST. JOSEPH'S UNIVERSITY STX
DC707.W75
Magnetic Paris,
3 9353 00143 1038
RELEASE

With Many Illustrations Especially Drawn by

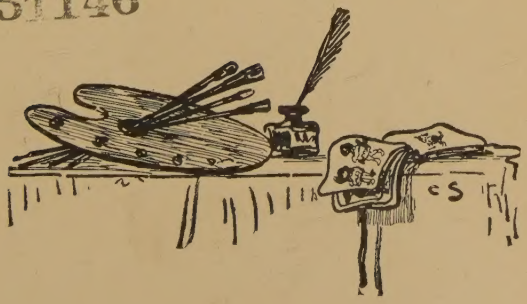
GÉO. DESAINS

AND

CHARLOTTE SCHALLER

DC
707
W75

151146



Indianapolis
The Bobbs-Merrill
Company
Publishers

Copyright 1913
The Bobbs-Merrill Company

TO
MY FRIEND
EUGENIE M. WERK
CINCINNATI

10004

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Street Comedy	1
II	The Boulevardier	22
III	A House for "Paying Guests"	32
IV	Popular Holidays	45
V	Saturday Afternoon in the Bois	72
VI	Gay Montmartre	82
VII	Parisian Dogs	106
VIII	Artist Life in the Quarter	116
IX	In the Luxembourg Gardens	133
X	Woman Turns the Wheel	151
XI	Paris in May	175
XII	Housekeeping	191
XIII	Napoleon	206
XIV	Versailles	219
XV	Where to Live	225
XVI	Affirmations	236

HORS-D'OEUVRE

Americans are imbued with the false idea that in case of accident the captain of a French steamship loses his head and screams to the passengers, *"Sauve qui peut,"* as he and the crew take to the boats. Personally, I feel much safer on a French ship than I do on an American steel limited. Besides, the captain and the officers are dignified and polite, the food is delicious, as all French food is, the waiters courteous and the service excellent, while the larger steamers are very comfortable, even luxurious.

The last time I crossed over from New York I took a French boat. We arrived at Havre one hour late. The greater number of the passengers arranged to stay a day and run over to Deauville and Trouville. Havre had no attractions for me, although formerly I did enjoy a day or two at Frascati's because of the delightful sea view from all the windows and the savory cuisine.

I swung my bag at one of the women customs' officials and called out, *"Pas de tabac—pas d'allumettes,"* the two articles the French government is more strict about than is the American over foreign seals. Perhaps it was my knowledge of what the officials were seeking in the row upon row of suitcases piled high before them, or perhaps it was my French, which surged up to meet the occasion after several years of rust and decay in America, that spared me delay. At all events, the officials nodded

and I hurried down the steep toboggan-slide to the street, told a *cocher* to drive *vite, vite* to the station for Paris. Paris! What magic in a name!!

The station with its rows of electric lights was reached. The *cocher* said, *"Mer—ci,"* with a pronounced hiss on the last syllable to demonstrate his appreciation of his fifteen-cent *pouboire,* as he shook the reins at Coquette and clattered off. The official at the door passed me, with a bow, to his confrère official inside in gilt buttons and braid, who in turn passed me to still another official in more gilt braid and wearing a medal, who looked at my ticket, then showed me through a door to the platform where the chief of all the officials in gold lace, red cap and a whole row of medals, each attached by a different colored ribbon, pointed out to me with an elaborate bow, the *Paris rapide.*

I was delighted to find it a *rapide,* I was in such a hurry to be off; but I glanced at the station clock and found I had thirty minutes to wait. The whole first-class car was deserted. I investigated the corridor with its smoking-room at each end and its one *cabinet,* evidently for both men and women.

I entered one of the cool-looking compartments with the double-cushioned seats done in silver-gray cloth, the tops in leather, which is a far more sensible furnishing than the sticky velvet of our Pullmans. I put my bag in one of the broad wire racks that extend across both sides of the compartment above the seats; rested my arm in one of the embroidered rest-straps, of which there are two at each one of the four windows; put my feet on the dividing rubber strip that runs through the center over

the dull-red carpet—the Rubicon the French traveler never crosses to poach on his neighbor's foot space, but which the English all superciliously ignore; settled down on the springy cushions; leaned my head against the clean white protector with the name of the road woven in the center and a scroll-work border for decoration; glanced at the map of France edged with brass on the wall space opposite, with the route we would travel marked boldly in red, showing the asterisk towns at which we would stop; looked at a photograph of my favorite piece of sculpture, the Venus de Milo, in a narrow dead-gold frame; noted the marine-blue curtains, and was vaguely conscious that the tout ensemble of silver-gray, marine-blue and the red of the carpet was an artistic and pleasing way of waving the French flag in the face of the traveler. I found everything very French, very comfortable, and much more satisfactory on the whole than our plushy Pullmans.

But after the *rapide* started, when the men began to smoke at both ends of the short car, and the corridor and compartments were blue with the fumes of the most villainous tobacco; when the race began between the women and the men to see who should reach the *cabinet* first; when the train wobbled along at breakneck speed dragging a flat wheel, which crunched and bumped over a wretched track, and when, forty miles out of Paris, the door of the corridor, which a careless guard had not properly secured, suddenly opened, and a woman who was getting a breath of air at the upper-half window was pitched out and ten minutes later was picked up with a broken leg and shoulder, I changed my mind

and acknowledged our plush-cushioned Pullmans to be far ahead of the French first-class.

Two hours more, and I was stepping from the *gare* St. Lazare into the heart of Paris, with all the familiar street scenes of the fascinating city before me.

In these pages that follow I have not attempted to do more than write a pot-pourri of what I have lived, absorbed, and observed in various residences in Paris at two or three year intervals, covering in all a period of fifteen years. The transparent veneer of the French rests on a solid foundation, and their veneer is not by any means all of them. But solidity is not interesting except politically or historically, nor is it poetical or amusing. I have not meant to be at any time unpleasantly critical. If my French friends find me so, *je demande pardon.*

MAGNETIC PARIS

MAGNETIC PARIS

CHAPTER I

STREET COMEDY

Paris is the magnet that attracts all the tribes of the earth; it is the dumping ground for the gold of the world. Once you have lived in it, drunk in its beauties, absorbed its mysterious atmosphere, and become fascinated with its inscrutable personality and *sans-gêne* joy of life, you are part of it forever. It is a city full of noble beauty and of fascination. You can not define this fascination, but you feel it—it takes possession of you. You breathe it in, in long delicious draughts. You live tremendously and nerve-rackingly; you expect it; it is Paris.

Even the tumultuous traffic, the continual whistling, whip-cracking, bell-ringing, horn-blowing, the weird street cries, the singing *cochers,* the darting

air-ships, the street singers, the shouting *camelots,* the huge petroleum automobiles, with their ear-splitting noise as their iron-shod wheels clang over the stone pavements—all this is but a part of matchless, gay, irresistible, irresponsible Paris. It is the sordid dregs of the cup—the rest of the draught is satisfying beauty.

It is the city of atmosphere and esthetics, of art, music and science; of ingenious inventors and courageous daring aeronauts; of eccentric artists and beautiful models, modes and moods; of amours and intrigues; of celebrated *mondaines* and *demi-mondaines;* of easy gaiety; of fascinating dogs and adorable children; of picturesque *bonnes,* chic women, and ridiculous men; of cafés and music-halls, fêtes and balls, delectable dinners and courteous waiters—a wonderful mélange to be seen in no other city in the world.

The streets and boulevards of Paris are not merely for traffic; they are turned into picturesque pleasure resorts of one continuous entertainment of a novel kind. They are never dull and monotonous. And the Parisian is *chez-lui* seated on a bench under the trees in his favorite square or boulevard or un-

Rue Montmartre

der the awning of his café *terrasse*. Here he has a constant change of mise en scène, with many actors playing their rôles before him; for all Paris is a surface comedy, and many of the Parisians are comedians.

The most entertaining feature of the boulevard café, and of nearly every café of Paris, is its sidewalk *terrasse*. It is enclosed at each end by a high glass screen, the top roofed over with gay striped awnings, with the four or five rows of small tables and their reed chairs separated from the street by dwarf Japanese trees in green tubs. In winter, the *terrasse* of the popular café is made comfortable by big open braziers of burning charcoal, which take the place of the dwarf trees. On a winter afternoon at four o'clock, with the thermometer around freezing, you often see every table occupied—not only by men but by women and children.

At all times these *terrasses* are excellent places from which to view the passing kaleidoscopic show, which is humorous, dramatic, pathetic, or novel, and always intensely interesting. You take a seat at one of these *terrasses* on the boulevard, order an ice or coffee, and soon find yourself staring with the boule-

vardier at the chic and fascinating women, wearing hats adorned with billowy bunches of nodding plumes, their tight skirts drawn a shade tighter as they lift them *en vrai Parisienne* to show their ankles in silk stockings. These women have a pantherine grace, strikingly tinted hair, black eyes and rouged lips, in great contrast to the deathly pallor of the skin. You realize it is all artificial, but it is a part of Paris.

The *Parisienne* is very clever in the art of make-up. By one stroke of her black eye pencil she will give her eyes a serious or a coquettish expression. By the aid of her rouge stick, her mouth will be made to emulate a perfect Cupid's bow and her complexion will assume that deathly pallor, so much admired, through the bountiful use of *Poudre Lablache.* Her hair is tinted either blue-black to match her eyes, or Titian-red or ash-blond, in striking contrast to them. She is an artiste *jusqu' au bout des ongles,* for her art conceals art, at least under her dainty lace veil. A Frenchman admires and approves this artifice, and she will take out her eye pencil, rouge stick and mirror, *sans-gêne,* in his presence and renew an expression that has become

obliterated, he watching the operation with delighted interest.

But it is not only the gay chic women who attract you while seated on the *terrasse.* You are amused watching the *sergent de ville,* who, absolutely without power, now and then holds up his hand in a weak sort of way, in an attempt to stop the mass of racing traffic. In the face of this uplifted hand a *cocher* will come around the corner at a brisk pace, deliberately trot past, and when the *sergent* remonstrates, will crack his whip, scream back some insult, and drive on. Often the whole mass of autos and cabs, if led by some daring chauffeur, pays no attention to the *sergent's* lifted hand, but rushes madly on, and then the *sergent,* seemingly discouraged at not being able to control this particular mass, holds the pedestrians on the street corners and islands for interminable minutes before venturing even to signal again.

There is no speed limit, carelessness and disorder reign, and the *sergent de ville,* theoretically stationed there to maintain order, practically has no power to enforce his commands. The motor-cars, taxis and auto-buses rush with cyclonic speed in every direc-

Accident in Champs Elysées

tion, whiz around corners and come at you from all directions in the Place de la Concorde, Place de l'Opera and the Rond Point in the Champs Elysées. Your only hope in crossing is to run like a fox with a pack of hounds in pursuit and gain one of the stone islands in the center of the street, stationed at all wide crossings, and even they are often dangerous. Wo to you if, in your haste, you trip and fall. Nothing will save you, for one of the motors you are running from will be upon you, and if you gain the island in safety, you will find it so close on your heels that you will not recover from the fright and shock for the rest of the day.

There is nearly always a *sergent* standing on or near the island, but he will do nothing. He will see you knocked down, but he is powerless to save you, and will often turn his back. Yet he will answer all your questions courteously. Everything on wheels has the right of way in the streets of Paris, and pedestrians, like the dogs, must take their chances. Even the *sergents* are often knocked over by big cars which for some good reason have been ordered to go in a certain direction. The owner of a car insults the *sergent* and tells his chauffeur to drive on;

he does so and the *sergent,* who places himself in front of the car to stop its progress, is deliberately run down and often severely hurt while the chauffeur and owner escape at great speed.

You should never sue a taxi company or an individual owner for an injury. If you do, it will be you who will pay the damage to yourself. The *coquin cocher* tries his best to run as close to you as possible. This is one of his tricks when his *libre* red flag is turned up. He hates to see you walk by him; so, to call your attention to his unoccupied cab, he annoys you by grazing your gown with his dirty wheels. These are the *cochers* you always want to annihilate—but you never do.

You are never tranquil in the streets of Paris. You are either on the alert trying to escape something on the street level, or stretching your neck to watch an air-ship sailing over your head.

Now and then, when the street is a solid mass of auto-buses and taxis all rushing at terrific speed, the policeman will step suddenly into the middle and flourish his little sword. In the sudden stopping of the auto-buses and taxis there is usually a crash. The most unfortunate victim, often an old woman

who is pushing her cart behind a bus for safety, is sent sprawling to the pavement, while a *cocher's* horse succumbs to the terrific shock and the back of his cab is in splinters from the impact of the motor in the rear. Then a scene of wrath and recrimination follows, highly amusing to the crowd which is sure to collect. Koko is finally assisted to her feet, the wrecked cab pulled to the curb, and the whole mass of traffic, by this time become dense, rushes on.

Some of these old women with their *charettes* of fruit and flowers—and there are twenty thousand of these carts licensed in the streets of Paris—are overturned every day, the fruit and flowers scattered in every direction, and the *charettes* knocked into kindling wood, while the women are left sprawling in the dust with a broken leg or arm, or killed outright, and there is never a pause in the mad race. Five minutes after the accident two *sergents* come running to the scene and take the names of everybody in the crowd except the eye-witnesses, who have all left. They listen to the account of the catastrophe as told by the dog-vender, who arrived two minutes before the *sergents* and who had gleaned it from the

full-bearded newsboy, who in turn got his version from some one else. In the meantime a man in the crowd—usually English—calls an ambulance, and the unfortunate woman is hauled to the nearest hospital or to the morgue, while the *sergents* are still taking names promiscuously. But there will be no summons and they know it. There is perhaps one summons in ninety motor accidents. If the woman dies her gamble in life is over. Paris shrugs her shoulders and says, *"Que voulez-vous que je fasse?"*

The official report two years ago showed sixty-five thousand, eight hundred and seventy-five accidents by eighty-one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-eight motors, taxis and buses—three accidents for every four vehicles. Almost incredible, and yet these are official facts.

Still it is Paris—light-hearted, gay, fickle, irreverent, mocking Paris. No one seems serious. If you accidentally slip and fall on the sidewalk, no one will assist you to your feet or pick up your purse or package. Three or four men will stop and stare at you, and when you finally pick yourself up, if they see you are not hurt but only a little muddy or dusty,

they will smile and say, *"Bon voyage, Madame."* Every mishap or accident of this kind is a source of interest and amusement to them.

Some years ago Ex-queen Isabella of Spain, who often walked unaccompanied near her private hotel in the avenue Kléber, tripped and fell, and as she was short and broad could not get up. A huge crowd collected and gaped at her curiously. But not a Frenchman offered to assist her—they seemed to be afraid to touch royalty. Finally, an Englishman assisted her to her feet and into her hotel, amid the vociferous cheers of the crowd.

Frenchmen are always intensely curious. A Parisian will be coming down an avenue in a taxi at breakneck speed, will catch a glimpse of a crowd looking skyward, suddenly put his head out of the window and yell to the chauffeur, *"Arretez, arretez,"* and step out and join the crowd which is watching an aeroplane sailing majestically a thousand feet above. He sees this sight nearly every day—still it affords him interest and amusement for the moment. He always takes his time and loses all sense of his nice economies when pleasure is paramount, for although he knows his taxi fare is mounting by tens

What Is at the Theaters

every two minutes, *c'est peu de chose,* measured by the amount of pure enjoyment he gets from watching this air-ship for fifteen minutes and making a bet with an acquaintance in the crowd, as to whether or not the ship will reach its destination in safety. The betting is often even—if there are odds they are usually in favor of the accident, for when the aeroplanes are up a considerable distance, they sometimes turn and suddenly swoop down on a crowd or crash into a tree. The French aeronaut is ingenious, has great courage, and is perhaps more daring than aeronauts of other nations, since his achievements so far have been more brilliant. He is one more novel addition to the many street attractions of Paris.

The numerous *camelots* are another interesting feature of the *terrasse* life. A small lean man with his face lined like that of a comedian suddenly appears before you, glances quickly around and takes from the tails of his coat a short nickel tripod which he carefully adjusts on the sidewalk. He then stands back and eyes it from all points, rubs his hands, wipes his face with a dirty handkerchief and says a few disparaging words about the police. By this time several people will have stopped to gaze at him.

He now puts his right foot, on which he wears a buttoned shoe, on the tripod and begins a voluble harangue. He takes from his pocket an ordinary steel button-hook and a little half-opened nickel tube. He unbuttons his shoe and buttons it again with the ordinary hook, explaining and demonstrating how it catches on the buttons and often twists them off.

Again he unbuttons his shoe and easily rebuttons it with the partly opened tube, explaining to the crowd now collected the merit of the tube over the hook. Then he offers it for sale for ten cents. But before a would-be purchaser can get at his money, a little hatless blond girl of fifteen—her blue eyes full of anxiety and fear, her brow puckered into creases with the strain of watching both ends of the street—plucks him suddenly by the sleeve, and in a flash snatches the tripod and deftly closes it as she hides it behind her. Her blue eyes then lose the anxious expression and assume a baby stare, while the man with the tube leisurely saunters along with the wondering crowd. Now a bicycle-policeman rides up, looks sharply over the moving crowd and rides on. The little girl with the tripod has sud-

denly disappeared around the corner where she is presently joined by a gay hatless woman and a *camelot* with a bag hung over his shoulder. They all begin talking, laughing and gesticulating, and you are rather surprised to see this timid little girl with a scared expression suddenly put her thumb to her nose and twirl her fingers at the back of another policeman who is crossing the street. Then they all laugh and jeer as they come boldly around the corner to the boulevard, the little girl and woman keeping to the curb.

The man deposits the bag on the walk and pulls from the depths a pair of dusty folded trousers hanging over a copper-wire device with wire spreaders protruding from each leg. *"Voici les choses Americaines pour quinze sous,"* he announces. At the word "American" a half dozen people stop, and before he has demonstrated twice how these wires are adjusted to keep the trousers in pressed form he

has sold three to Frenchmen, with a good-natured German a fourth purchaser.

The man of the button-hooks has again set up his tripod a few yards farther on and at ten cents each is making a number of sales, when all suddenly grab their wares again and disappear, the women giving warning as two policemen approach. Thus the police play tag all day and a greater part of the evening with the *camelots* whom they rarely succeed in tagging.

The *camelot* belongs to the boulevards and is always an amusing and diverting feature. He is nimble of foot, as well as of tongue. He is an inventor, is shrewd, good-natured and honest, is usually a halfway comedian, is almost a Mephisto for ingeniousness and never fails to afford entertainment to the clientele of a café, the waiters of which always are his friends. He will suddenly deposit on your table

a black poodle carrying a blue-bead basket in his mouth, and by the aid of a rubber tube and bulb attachment the poodle is made to sit up, shake hands with you and walk across your table. He has furry rabbits which hop about and wiggle their ears; fighting cocks running up and down his extended arm, performing monkeys on sticks, and painted rubber faces which, by squeezing, you can change into all sorts of grotesque, hideous and leering expressions. He has for sale the latest toy of the hour and will cut out your silhouette or make a charcoal sketch of you for five cents.

Again, a street gamin suddenly stands before you in a rimless hat, pulls a lock of hair over his forehead, takes from under his coat a sharp-cornered, turned-up rim which he adjusts over his hat crown, thrusts a hand into the opening of his coat, strikes an attitude, looks at you with a frowning serious expression and announces himself the great Napoleon. He unexpectedly shifts his hat, sticks on a white beard, assumes another attitude and lo, he is President Fallières! Thus, in rapid succession, he impersonates the new minister and other public men familiar to the crowd. He is alert and very quick

in his movements, for he is the only one of this class of street artists who is without a confederate to announce to him the approach of the police. This gamin is his own scout. He always keeps a sharp lookout during his impersonations, is as fleet of foot as a deer and never is captured.

Another amusing feature of the boulevards is the *cocher* in yellow coat, red waistcoat and white varnished hat, driving up and down, cracking his whip, disputing and gesticulating with a brother *cocher* or chauffeur who has grazed his cab in passing, arguing with the *sergent,* as he trots by his uplifted hand —or stopping on a crossing to tell a lady, who is carrying a scarlet and white parasol, that she has very good taste—*très bon goût.*

The Paris *cocher* is insuppressible and insufferable and always ready for an argument. You learn after a time never to hail at night a *cocher* whose cab has green lights, if you are bound for the Etoile Quarter, nor a *cocher* with red lights if your destination is the Latin Quarter. They will refuse to take you. If you are uninitiated your anger is apt to surge to the surface—but live and learn. Green lights are for the Latin Quarter, red for the Etoile Quarter, blue lights

for Montmartre, and yellow lights for the heart of Paris and the boulevards.

There are always dozens of indifferent sleepy *cochers* at the stations when you arrive in Paris. They will pile two or three huge trunks into the front and back of their open cabs, and if it happens to be eleven A. M. when you arrive, don't look for your luggage before three o'clock.

On the stroke of twelve, every *cocher* turns his horse in the direction of his favorite restaurant, where he drinks his *vin ordinaire,* leisurely eats his *plat du jour,* gossips and smokes over his coffee and often has a game of cards with his confrères. A Paris *cocher* is never in a hurry and is rarely to be trusted. If you hail him around the noon hour he will crack his whip, raise his shoulders and clatter on, not deigning a reply. Often on a rainy day if your course does not meet with his approval, he will drive off and leave you standing on the curb.

Again, should you approach him at a cab stand and ask him if he is free, he will tell you that depends on where you are going—*Cela dépend où vous allez.* If you must have money dealings with him look well to the change for he always has a

supply of bad franc pieces which he takes delight in disposing of to the unsuspecting stranger.

Though you may consider your French accent quite perfect, a Paris *cocher* will always disillusion you. He will make you pronounce the name of the street you give him with all the different accents on each syllable, until you finally stumble on the right one through sheer desperation.

A Paris *cocher* is usually a *cochon* and you are bound to have trouble with him sooner or later.

CHAPTER II

THE BOULEVARDIER

PROBABLY the most conspicuous type in Paris aside from the woman of the half-world is the boulevardier, the Parisian of leisure and pleasure whose age is anywhere from forty to seventy, and who, like the *demi-mondaine,* is omnipresent. His chief occupation is the seeking of novelty in the feminine world. His income is often derived from some miserable tenement houses in Montmartre or in the quarter back of the Panthéon, where misery exists in its most pathetic form.

He understands the art of living simply, without fuss or fume. He takes his enjoyment, not in gulps but in sips. He never rushes. He requires at least five minutes to look a woman over and stare through to her backbone, if she attracts his notice. He is unconscious of rudeness; it is what French women like, and he knows it. They gown themselves to be stared at; it is part of the *Parisienne's* amusement in life.

Little things interest him. He is light-hearted and easily amused. He dislikes violent exercise or anything fatiguing; he is fond of the races, and aviation is his delight. He seldom hunts feathered game, although he is often seen walking in the Bois with a number of thoroughbred bird dogs.

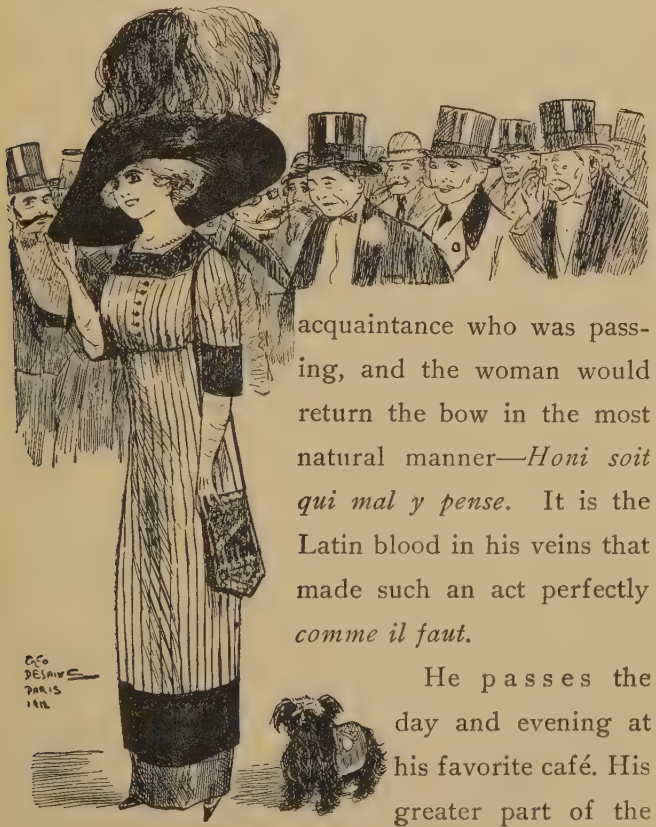
His favorite pastimes are pistol practise and fencing, a mode of exercise that is worth while, as duels are fought every day in the shadow of the Grand Roue and are the only means of settling an affair of honor. If he is religiously inclined he holds to the faith of his ancestors, that of the church of Rome, with all its mysticism, and goes now and then to put a two-franc or fifty-centimes candle—according to his needs and deeds—on one of the numerous spikes surrounding the gilded sarcophagus of Sainte Geneviève, the patron saint of Paris.

He would not tolerate Calvinism any more than he would New Thought, and his mental reactions would not permit him to accept either if he did understand them. Generally he is not troubled with religious scruples or convictions, and he mocks at things sacred. He is systematic, and if he has a hobby it is for economy in small things. He is rarely

prodigal. He is versatile in thought and feeling. He is a proud father. He loves his children and his dog, and his wife, or some other man's wife. He often maintains two or three establishments, according to his income, and rotates from one to the other. He sleeps behind closed windows and blinds because he is afraid of fresh air, except when he is in the open. He stops his ears with cotton for fear of a draft on the brain—*mal au cerveau.* He reads his *Figaro* or *Patrie* close to his nose and held at all angles, because he was born a myope, and glasses either do not become him or they annoy him.

He has a nice sense of the fitness of things, except in hats. He always looks as if he had changed hats with a man smaller than himself. He is extremely ugly, his clothes are badly cut, he wears hideous socks and ties, and takes great pride in his beard, which he caresses and arranges before the numerous street mirrors. He has no sense of clean fun or humor, but drags his *esprit* through the mud to give it a double meaning. The reverse side of his medal is usually indecency. He always sees the body through the clothes and speculates upon its good and bad points.

Anglo-Saxon women look on the boulevardier as they look on the other boulevard nuisances—it would not be Paris without him. Only a few years ago a boulevardier would attend to the demands of nature and at the same time lift his hat to a woman



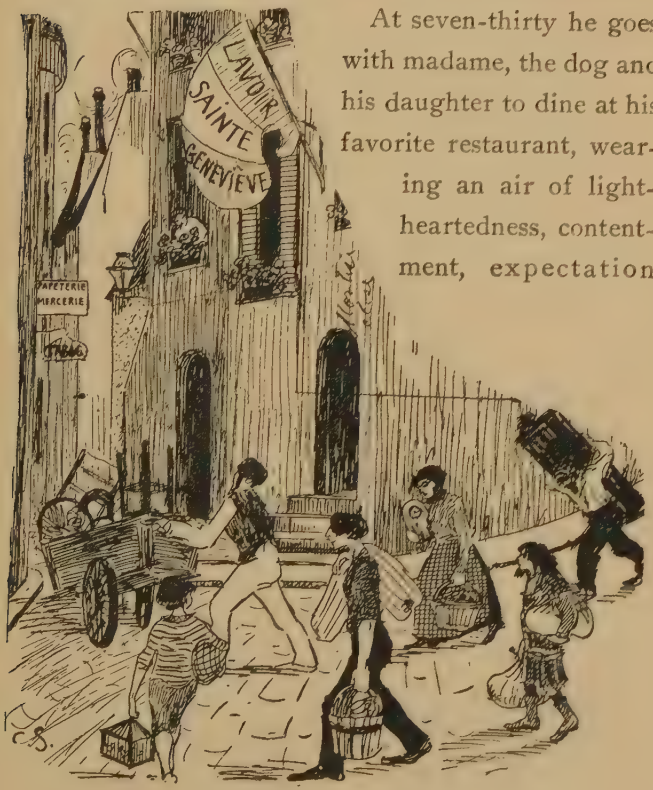
acquaintance who was passing, and the woman would return the bow in the most natural manner—*Honi soit qui mal y pense.* It is the Latin blood in his veins that made such an act perfectly *comme il faut.*

He passes the day and evening at his favorite café. His greater part of the

house is merely his wardrobe, where he keeps his clothes. *Chez-lui* means to him simply a place in which to sleep, and it is often gloomy and cheerless. There is no word in the French language for home, and the boulevardier has no use for a home. His home life, as we know home life, is spent in the boulevards and cafés. He drops in at his favorite café at eleven A. M., calls for a bock—for it is now quite the fashion to drink beer, a drink he scorned twelve years ago as he did his German neighbor who brewed it—reads his favorite journal, discusses American railroad stocks—which are always popular—politics, or the last big lottery drawing, gazes at and criticizes the passing crowd, thus spending the time until déjeuner.

At four o'clock he is back again, and seated at his favorite table, he orders a demi-tasse of coffee, comments to a friend on the most recent air-ship accident, discusses the latest downfall of the ministry, smokes, stares intently at the feminine world and plays a game of chess. He then writes a letter with a spluttering pen and impossible ink which the obliging *garçon* brings him, together with a black portfolio of lined note paper. Later, he takes a walk

in the avenue du Bois with his dog. Then he returns to the café and orders an *apéritif,* usually absinthe, which he leisurely sips in keen anticipation of his dinner—for to dine is his supremest joy, and he stimulates his appetite in every conceivable way.



Boulevardier's Tenants

At seven-thirty he goes with madame, the dog and his daughter to dine at his favorite restaurant, wearing an air of lightheartedness, contentment, expectation

and pure joy, such as is known to the man of no other nation. He never makes conversation of his petty worries and annoyances. He hides all his troubles under a veneer of gay talk, for he hates sympathy in the same degree that he is indifferent to ridicule. Still, at heart he is pessimistic and to himself confesses that life is difficult.

He patronizes the theaters and music-halls where he can see and hear black and white facts, as he has no taste for elusive subtleties and restraint is not a quality he admires. He will remark to his friend as a woman passes, *"Elle est bien faite" or "Sa poitrine n'est pas mauvaise."* He seldom discusses her face.

Twelve years ago a French lady rarely walked in the streets of Paris alone; to-day she goes everywhere. Twelve years ago an American or an English woman alone, who stopped to look in at a shop-window on the boulevards, invited the attention of one or two boulevardiers who began by paying a compliment and then persistently annoyed her. If she appealed to a *sergent de ville* he would smile, shrug his shoulders and turn his back. To-day Paris teems with English and Americans who have made it the

Chansonnette

fashion to gaze into shop-windows, and all Paris gazes with them.

To-day the boulevardier is more cautious; ten years have brought about a complete change in his tactics. If he is attracted by your feet, your back or your tout ensemble, he will hum a tune as he passes you and deliberately turn and stare at you as only a Frenchman can stare. If you look over his head, which is an easy matter, he will go on his way. If you are alone and sit down in one of the chairs along the avenue du Bois or the Champs Elysées to idle away an hour gazing at the passing show, the chair on your right or left is apt to be taken by one of these men who will stare at you with intensity and talk at you in an undertone. If you say to him *"va-t-en"*—an expression he uses only to his dog, you have paved the way to all sorts of comments. He will appear shocked and ask you if you would say that to an American gentleman. Your only refuge is to seek a vacant chair between two *bonnes* with baby perambulators. If you say *"va-t-en cochon"* he will not stop to argue or comment, but will swiftly disappear. *Cochon* —pig—is the one word a Frenchman of high or

low degree will not forgive. It is a word over which many duels are fought every day under the Big Wheel, but it is often a snug fit and always effective for the French idler, who is unique in character and altogether impossible from the viewpoint of American, English and Viennese women.

This boulevard type of Frenchman is gradually being swallowed up in the onward march of the twentieth century.

CHAPTER III

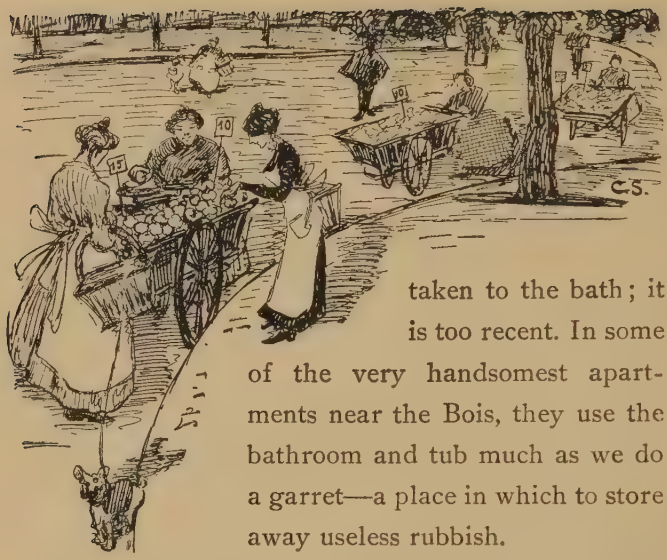
A HOUSE FOR "PAYING GUESTS"

I am living in a little triangle street with the hypotenuse side on the avenue du Bois de Bologne, one block from the Arc de Triomphe and two blocks from the famous pink marble Trianon, rue Chalgrin, named for one of Napoleon's architects. I am in one of those numerous houses where they receive paying guests. Madame has the whole house, six floors, and there is no concierge, for which every one seems to be thankful.

I am on the fourth floor, because of the long balcony and much light and air. This is one of the houses where the triangle lift, with capacity for one person, has not yet penetrated. However, an electric light pulls up and down in the center of the room and has an opaque fluted shade, over which I have hung a square of pink chiffon that gives a soft beautiful light. But should I accidentally jar the shade, I find myself in total darkness, for Paris has not mastered all the tricks of modern conveniences.

In one corner of the room there is a flat-piped radiator, the connecting pipe of which is about the size of a gas-pipe. Ten years ago we shivered over the tiny grates, burned lamps and candles and took our baths in china bowls. Occasionally, however, we ordered in the *bains à domicile* which two or three men pushed and pulled to the door, carrying up two flights of stairs the tub and the buckets of hot water that had been taken from the steaming boiler in the street. The arrival of this hot bath always was the cause of great excitement and usually a big crowd collected. We finally decided it was a nuisance and went back to our china bowls. But to-day, in addition to the electricity, there are porcelain tubs in the second and fourth *étages,* and one is continually running into a bath procession on the stairway.

It took the Parisian a long time to accustom himself to the order of the bath, but now that it is in, he often spends the morning in the bath. *"C'est si chic, vous savez,"* was confided to me by an adorable *petite Française,* who in summer has her floating table and often takes her breakfast in the bath, where she reads a book or embroiders, thus passing the whole forenoon. But not all the Parisians have



taken to the bath; it is too recent. In some of the very handsomest apartments near the Bois, they use the bathroom and tub much as we do a garret—a place in which to store away useless rubbish.

You pay twenty-five or thirty cents for a bath, which includes a Turkish sheet, but no soap. Parisians seem to have no use for soap. They manufacture at Marseilles and export to America the excellent castile soap made from olive oil, but you can not buy it in Paris, although you can buy fine soap made in New York, and hundreds of scented varieties.

This little rue Chalgrin is rather exclusive and contains several interesting private hotels. In one there lives a celebrated artist who has his studio way

up in the top, among the chimney pots. His balcony is full of Japanese dwarf trees and pink oleanders. To the left of him is a picturesque pink-brick and white-stone hotel with beautifully sculptured women in the niches—the home of an equally celebrated sculptor. For the sake of air and the view I leave my many-hinged metal blinds folded back—much to the scandal of the maids—although there is no house directly opposite and the artist and the sculptor have gone to the country.

I was awakened the other morning at five by the

Pont Alexander

swish-swashing of water. I got up and discreetly peeped over the balcony to the street below but with all my discreetness a gay voice greeted me with, *"Bon jour, Madame!"* I glanced hurriedly around, but saw no one. An old woman below, in short skirt and wooden shoes, was splashing the water from the gutter into the street and scrubbing the stones white with her long broom of brush. Again I was greeted with, *"Bon jour, Madame!"* in the same gay tone, and glancing across the street to the left, I saw in a balcony, a New Zealand white parrot with a scalloped yellow comb sitting on a perch and a Frenchman in pajamas staring from the open window.

By seven o'clock pandemonium breaks in this quiet street with the piercing cries, bass and treble songs of the street *vendeuses.* An old woman, pushing a cart of silver fish on a bed of green grass, calls out in a wailing voice, *"J'ai les poissons pour quinze sous,"* stopping her cart now and then to pat and rearrange her fish more advantageously. A little later you may hear a musical jingle of, *"Les haricots verts, les pommes de terre,"* in long, drawn-out, plaintive notes, and you realize that the vegetable-woman is at the door. Following on the heels of the

vegetable-woman is the old woman with her cart of fruit, protected from the sun by branches of green leaves. *"Les fraises, les bananes, trois sous la piece,"* she calls in a shrill voice. Then follows the cheese-woman in white cap, oversleeves and apron, the

cream cheese packed in little china hearts and neatly covered with cheesecloth—*"Voici la fromage du cœur—quatre sous."*

And now and then the parrot across the way repeats the cries in exact imitation of the voices.

At twelve o'clock a woman with a baby and a big basket of flowers stands directly opposite your entrance, on the shady side of the street, and as you

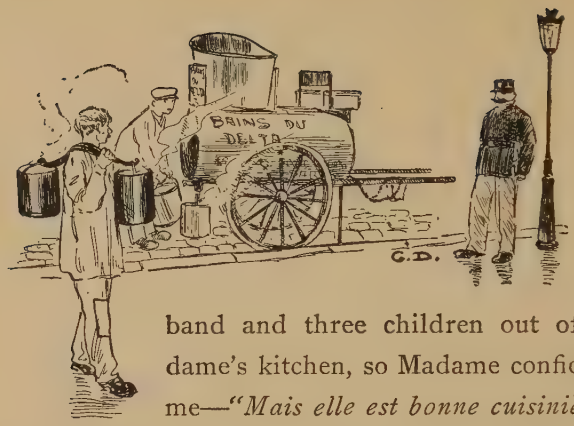
approach, she holds out a lovely bunch of violets or roses. *"Les belles roses, Madame, trois sous; pour la bébé, Madame,"* and you take them for several reasons, but principally because of the baby. While you are at luncheon, you will hear a weird squeaky pipe, not unlike a bad imitation of the Scotch bagpipes. This announces the approach of a knife-sharpener. An hour later, as you are closing your eyes for a half-hour's rest, you hear drifting up to your window first a man's throaty, *"Le tonneau,"* which is followed immediately by a woman's voice pitched a key or two higher, *"Le—tonn—eau,"* laying great stress on the last drawn-out syllable. They have come to take away your empty wine-case or tub. A minute later you are startled with rapid screams of, *"Chiffons, chiffons, chiffons,"* running up and down a very bass scale; this is the rubbish-man.

You finally lose consciousness for a minute, only to be brought back by a sudden yell of, *"Vitrier, vitrier."* You give up your nap as a lost joy, and go out on the balcony. A man is passing with a box strapped to his back filled with window-glass, and he is ready to mend a broken pane. Later, a tiny

fuzzy burro walks sleepily down the street, pulling a cart of rush-bottomed chairs with the rush badly broken. A man walking in the rear calls out, *"Raccommoder les chaises."* At four o'clock the parrots in the fourth and fifth *étages* anticipate the screams of the old news-women and men by shouting, *"Voici le Soir," "La Patrie," "La Presse,"* in imitation of a half-dozen different screaming voices.

There are eight nations represented in this house, two or more of each nation and each group talking exclusively its own language, except the pretty Russian girl at my table who speaks seven languages, but prefers French. There are two dining-rooms. Each language has its own table, and when the diners begin to talk one has an idea of what must have occurred at Babel.

Madame is young, though she has four sons. She is bourgeois, is very chic and wears exquisite hats. Monsieur is an *avocat,* and they have their apartment around the corner. Madame is a born manager; all the maids, except the cook, are afraid of her. As in America, the cook holds the whip-hand and Madame gives her carte blanche. The cook supports her hus-



band and three children out of Madame's kitchen, so Madame confided to me—*"Mais elle est bonne cuisinière, et que voulez-vous?"* It is the same the world over; there is nothing new in cooks.

Madame is not troubled with the spirit of small economies which the French housewife has down to a fine point. Being the only American in the house, I have a silver bucket of ice at each meal because Madame realizes that no American can be happy in July without ice. The Russian girl, who is emancipated, puts ice in her wine to cool it; the others dilute with water. In season, for déjeuner, delicious wild strawberries are served on a bed of their own leaves with a little pot of powdered sugar. The French pour red wine over them to give them a *goût.*

The cool green and white dining-rooms with their

Voici *La Patria*

filet lace and embroidered curtains, the white-capped, white-aproned maids, the glistening ice, the red berries, and the beautiful Russian girl make a tempting and charming picture.

Madame marshals her forces in the early morning hours and by ten-thirty is off to the shops. At luncheon she regales us with the news that we can buy excellent, long glacé gloves for three francs ninety at the Printemps, an *occasion* for the day only, and lovely chiffon blouses over hand-embroidered net for twenty-nine francs Aux Galeries Lafayette. She relates in a rapid and most dramatic manner the harrowing details of a motor accident, then, as some important engagement suddenly occurs to her, she hurries to the telephone, which is just outside of the dining-room, and the babble of tongues immediately ceases in the interest of the telephone talk which follows:

"'Elo!—'Elo, 'Elo, 'El—*o!!*

Dix-huit cent quatre-vingt quinze—quarante-sept.

Oui, Bon!

(One minute wait.)

C'est l'Odéon?

Non? Eh, bien! qu'êtes-vous?

Pard—*on, Monsieur.*

'Elo, 'Elo, 'Elo!!—'El—*o,* 'El—*o?*

Je disais dix-huit cent quatre-vingt *quinze*—quarante-sept et vous m'avez donnée quatre-vingt-*seize.*

Comment?

(Two minute wait.)

'El—*oo!* 'El—*ooo!!* 'El—*ooo!!!*

Dix-huit cent quatre-vingt—*Non, pas du tout,* je disais quatre-vingt *quinze—Vous êtes folle.*

(Two minutes later.)

'Elo! 'Elo!! 'Elo!!!

Quoi? *Sotte! c'est trop—ça."*

And she gives it up, hangs up the receiver with a loud click, then, her dark eyes snapping and her eyebrows arched to the extreme, she returns to the dining-room to sip her after-luncheon coffee and expatiate, with her hands, shoulders, eyes and tongue, on the stupidity and impudence of the telephone girls and the bad management of the system in general.

These international French houses are never without comedy scenes of one kind or another, and to the foreigner always prove a source of much entertainment.

CHAPTER IV

POPULAR HOLIDAYS

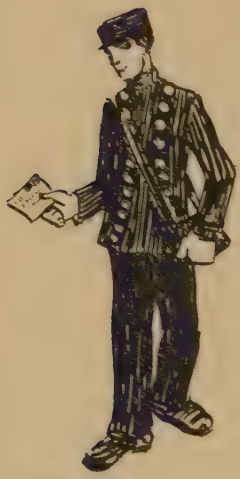
THE fête days of Paris are very numerous. Indeed, there are almost as many as there are saints in the calendar, and the streets and boulevards are always more or less *en fête,* for in them domesticity is carried on in all its detail. On a bench under the trees the baby is minutely cared for, while sitting next the *bonne,* on the same bench, are two bareheaded women shelling peas. At a push-cart near by a man is drinking a cup of coffee and eating a waffle. Seated on a chair under the trees a portly woman, with nodding feather, is taking a siesta. A boy brings a bucket of water, a scrubbing brush and a soiled white poodle to the curb and proceeds to scrub him. This performance is watched with interest by a Parisian stretched at full length on a bench, who has hitherto been supremely happy in the contemplation of the patches of blue sky seen

through the tree-tops. The vigorous scrubbing and the howls of the dog bring him to a sitting posture. With great deliberation, he rolls a cigarette, while his black eyes shine with interest in the boy, the bucket, and the dog. The dog's toilet under the trees is suggestive, and the observer takes from his pocket a small brush and begins brushing his hair and beard. He has no thought of the act being ridiculous. What are the boulevards of republican France for if not to live in?

The boulevard is his lounging-room, dressing-room and toilet-room, and there are hundreds of mirrors and necessary conveniences. He crosses the street to a café and adjusts his neck-scarf and pats his beard before a paneled mirror. Then he drinks a cup of coffee and catches up with his correspondence—his thoughts flow better in the boulevard. After all this he proceeds to stare, and he has a dozen different kinds of stare. He stares with interest, with surprise, with curiosity, with delight, with expectation, with anticipation and with unconscious rudeness. The Frenchman can out-stare the men of all other nations. It is one of his greatest accomplishments.

By ten o'clock on a fête morning, the metal blinds are lowered and all working Paris saunters forth in search of amusement. A fair is held in some quarter of the city, which is visited by great crowds of merry-makers. The Bois, the Tuileries and the Luxembourg Gardens are packed with the holiday crowd, all in fête dress. The *petits bateaux mouches* are crowded to their capacity with happy people going to enjoy the day in the country under the trees in some vast forest, just outside of Paris, where they will picnic on the grass, stretch themselves at full length under the trees, play with the children and dogs, and gather flowers. The dogs and feathered pets are carried along with the babies and hampers, for the pets will enjoy the outing if possible even more than the family. Topé's life in Paris is not a happy one, as there he is never detached from the leash, but in the country he will frisk about and run with the children all day, returning in high spirits on the last boat home, where he will seem wistful and sad until next fête day.

It is looking forward to the fête days—the joy of anticipation—which is the secret of the city's everyday smile of good nature. Outwardly, Paris is al-



ways laughing, bubbling and polite, but if you pierce its veneer you will discover much sadness and brutality. In the same way the beauty of Paris is all exterior, a feast for the eye—the most wonderful and magnificent feast in the world. Yet under this incomparable exterior, Paris is often offensive to the eye, nose and ear.

The fête day is often the one chosen by insubordinates for a demonstration, and it sometimes ends in riots in which the little policeman is roughly handled. One readily understands why Napoleon decreed that four fête days in a year were sufficient for the people—for the repeated interruption of fête days is a great hindrance to those who must earn their bread.

Mi-carème, mid-Lent, is still celebrated by a gorgeous procession of artistic floats, representing *La Musique*, *La Poésie*, *La Sculpture*, *La Danse* and *La Peinture*. There is a splendid gilded car resting on the spread tails of peacocks for the *Reine des*

Reines and her ladies of honor, escorted by musicians of the royal guard, Greek cavaliers, *Ecuyères* of the queen and dozens of royal porters, all in sixteenth century costumes, and carrying parasols of pink roses and big baskets of lilies.

The students and artists are out in numbers, wearing death's-heads and with their clothes painted to represent skeletons. They walk arm in arm with *Quartier* grisettes in the latest mode, as escort to their float, which starts from the Panthéon and joins the procession from Montmartre, in the rue de Rivoli. The students' float, drawn by six white horses, is a reproduction of the mansard of Mimi Pinson. A blond Mimi, wearing a wreath of pink roses, is seated in her tiny window balcony among her flower pots and birds, and the big Moulin de la Galette towers above the mansard in the tiny garden at the rear, where students, artists and more Mimis, the latter in transparent gauzes, dance and

smoke cigarettes. The streets and balconies along the route are dense with gay people, and hundreds of children parade in fancy costume.

A few years ago at this fête one walked in confetti two or three feet deep in the boulevards, and all the trees were strung with colored serpentines. To-day, while the fête is on, the confetti is thrown only by children and American tourists, but in the evening the students wage vigorous battles with the girls, along the boulevard St. Michel en route to the *Bal Bullier*.

All that remains of the former picturesque Mardi-Gras fête which takes place on Shrove Tuesday is the procession of big white oxen, wearing floral harness, walking serenely through the boulevards, drawing a big flower-trimmed float of musicians playing popular airs. This procession of the oxen is to remind the Parisian that Tuesday is the last day on which to eat meat before the inauguration of Ash-Wednesday. Lent, however, plays only a small part in the life of the average Parisian of to-day.

The great masked ball of former years, which rivaled the balls of ancient Rome, is held no more at the Grand Opera House; but on the evening of *Mi-*

carème balls are given in all quarters of Paris. In the *Quartier,* the Bullier, located at the end of the celebrated Boul' Miche' in the avenue de l'Observatoire, is riotiously gay on this popular fête night. Students, artists, models, and grisettes in abbreviated costumes flock into the boulevard cafés at nine. The students wear masks, and the girls tie scarfs of tissue over their heads and faces to protect them from the confetti which the boys carry in huge paper sacks.

Many of the boys are in short skirts and décolleté bodices and they romp along with girls in trousers above the knee, their bare feet in sandals. Others represent Mephistos, death's-heads, bathers, and gipsies—a merry-mad shouting crowd who exchange jokes with the sight-seers seated at the tables of the tavern *terrasses.* All the bock and wine-glasses are carefully covered to protect the drinks from the showers of confetti hurled at them during the evening.

Masqueraders rush in and out of the two entrances of the Panthéon Tavern and shower the waiters, carrying trays of drinks. Then down they go to the American bar under the tavern, where more drinks

are spilled and the glasses filled with confetti. At ten the cheering romping procession streams into the Bullier, the three policemen guarding the entrance being the last targets for the confetti.

Here the orchestra, one of the oldest and most celebrated in Paris, plays a fast and furious gallop, and the dance is entered into with great abandon. The girls lift their skirts higher and higher, turning and twisting them as they do a fancy step, all singing at the tops of their voices. As the music ends with a grand crash of cymbals, the wild-looking leader fires three shots to add to the noise. Then all romp forward and shout, *"Bis! bis!! bis!!!"* and with a tremendous crash of instruments, the leader beats the time furiously all over again; the mad whirl begins anew, and, if possible, ends in wilder abandon than before.

The dance over, as it is too cool yet to sit in the garden, everybody rushes to the *terrasse* back of the railing to be served with mild drinks. While seated at a table you will observe a great deal of side-play between the girls and students. A girl with a superb figure, possibly a sculptor's model, will leave her table and partner, rush over to a clown seated at

Quatarze Juillet

another table, who is busy entertaining a delighted trio, kiss him, shake hands all round and then rush back pell-mell to her partner, who will be scowling ominously. She will then take his face between her hands and kiss him much in the same manner as she kissed the clown, and thus at once blot out all ill-feeling. Then she will part her drapery at the waist, and taking from a silk bag, attached by a ribbon underneath, a tiny mirror and rouge stick, she will proceed to remedy the defects made by the kisses. This is all done with supreme unconsciousness of the gray-haired Englishman with twinkling eyes and his two severe-looking daughters who are gazing at her curiously, but with evident disapproval. Four Americans at another table near by look upon this little digression as purely French and not unexpected.

These little *camarades* of the students seem to the manner born in their free gaiety. Presently you find yourself gazing at a graceful little blonde in a bathing costume of red silk jersey tights, her bare feet in red morocco sandals and her blond hair tied up in a scarlet silk handkerchief. She is beautiful of face as well as figure, and as she skips along the

Americans exclaim with one voice, "How lovely!" much to the horror of a dear little Princeton woman in the party who hasn't quite realized what the *Bal Bullier* is like, yet is anxious to see the students and grisettes dance on a big fête night.

At Trouville or Dieppe this little blond girl, in her scarlet silk trunks, would have been in perfect form as she dropped her bath robe and posed for a moment before diving, that the men, some armed with field-glasses, others with opera-glasses, and still others with cameras, might admire and snap-shot her. French women are much alike whether you see them at Deauville, at the Madrid, at the Grand Prix, or on the boulevards. Their one object is to attract the masculine eye, and they always succeed, for they are infinitely more chic and fascinating in their simplest gowns than women of other nations, however gowned.

The most historical of all the fêtes is the gingerbread fête which follows the ham fête. This fête dates back to the Middle Ages, when Philippe le Bel gave the monks of Citeaux the privilege of selling honey-cakes and pigs on the Vincennes Road, which is now the Faubourg St. Antoine. This combination

of live stock and cake explains why the present-day gingerbread is made in the form of a pig with the purchaser's name written on it in colored sugar.

After the Revolution, hucksters took the place of the monks, and numerous features were added until there has developed the great fête of to-day, with twelve hundred people—showmen and hucksters—carrying on business for over a month in the busy streets of Paris. Gay crowds throng the place night and day, for the attractions are varied and numerous. Parisians seem in their element at these annual fêtes, as they take childish delight in the simplest pleasures and for a few sous can dip into all the varied and mysterious attractions. If you are lucky at "odd or even", *rouge et noir,* or *petits chevaux,* you can win all sorts of useful or impossible prizes.

The fête given annually on the Esplanade des Invalides in July is patronized by all Paris. The great open space is divided off into streets, lined on both sides with booths, in every one of which is a wheel of fortune, where for two sous you may possibly win two pounds of cut sugar or a box of French matches, which will *not* light. Here, too, are shooting-galleries, side-shows, theaters, waxwork monstrosities,

merry-go-rounds, miniature Ferris wheels, all varieties of swings, flying aeroplanes, zigzag railroads, a chamber of horrors and dozens of other attractions, all decorated with mirrors, statues, flags, garlands of flowers and quantities of gold and silver to dazzle and bewilder.

Steam pianos and organs are playing their repertoires over and over again; men are beating bass drums and banging cymbals; a girl in pink tights calls out to the crowd, *"Mais entrez, Messieurs et Mesdames!"* You enter for four sous and see a life-like representation of the execution of Gérot, a celebrated criminal. The throng here is dense; the sordid and gross in life never fails to attract the Paris crowd.

Here you will see a mother explaining the hideous scene to her little boy of twelve, just as she takes him to the Louvre and explains to him the beauties of a Raphael Madonna or a Titian Venus. The Parisian child is educated from the cradle in the sordid as well as in the artistic, beautiful and historic side of life. He will give you the name of the sculptor of a beautiful monument recently unveiled in the Tuileries Gardens, recount to you the history of Na-

poleon, and assure you that the thief who stole the Mona Lisa must be some foreign devil. Then, with a sly look, he will tell you he knows where there are some *bien gaics* Venuses, and you know that he has been to the shop just off the Grand Boulevard where the window is filled with plaster Venuses done in the vulgar humoristique style of so many French artists.

The child can look in the window of an antique shop and see a beautiful old print and directly under it a modern indecency. His moral sense is thus stunted at a tender age. There are Napoleon battle pictures painted on panels in the shooting-galleries at the fête, and if you happen to strike a particular panel it will drop, disclosing a ridiculous and often vulgar picture which always creates shouts of laughter from the crowd, many of whom are children.

There are merry-go-rounds of sportive-looking cows, with their red tongues lolling out, their tails tied up with blue ribbons, and the true Parisian spirit looking out of their glass eyes. There are laughing pigs, giraffes, tigers, grinning lions, big white swans and tiny chariots drawn by rabbits for the children. You can ride any animal that you

At Trouville

fancy for two sous. In the evening under the brilliant electric lights, every animal is bestrode by students and grisettes, soldiers and *bonnes,* shopkeepers and their wives, valets and maids, all clinging to one another and laughing and shouting as they whirl rapidly round and round to the accompaniment of the ear-splitting and inharmonious music of the steam organs and loud-beating drums. Often the girls choose seats on the cows' heads. Monsieur and Madame mount to the backs of a pair of giraffes and clasp their long necks with no thought of the ridiculous picture they present. The *bonne* arranges the children on the back of a big swan and in the rabbit chariot. Then with a bound, she in turn lands on the back of a lion beside a soldier, whose arm immediately encircles her. All the time the manager with a very red face is screaming at the top of his voice, *"Mais dépêchez-vous!"* All are munching gingerbread as they whirl. After a turn with the merry-go-round you can step into a bona fide aeroplane from a high platform and sail round and round like a bird fifty feet above the crowd, or you can be jerked about in a zigzag railroad. This latter exercise is very popular.

Then there are strings of darting motors racing round and round and up and down steep inclines, each one filled with screaming humanity. Walking along the outdoor foyer of the theaters, you find dancing girls in ballet skirts giving free exhibitions of their art before the inside show begins. Performing acrobats are building human pyramids; clowns exchanging risqué jokes at the expense of the crowd; boxers having bouts, and wrestlers exhibiting their prowess, strength and agility, while girls in blue and yellow tights beat tambourines and call out, *"Entrez!—entrez donc!!—nous commencerons dans quelques minutes—vous pouvez trouver la bonne place maintenant—entrez, Messieurs!"* But very few enter, for the free outside show, though only a sample of the one inside, seems to satisfy the crowd.

You move on, and presently the museum of horrors is before you. Disgusting surgical operations, all forms and stages of loathsome diseases, babies in incubators, accouchements and reconstructions of hideous crimes are all curiously inspected by children, who are always numerous at these fêtes.

The fête held in June each year at Neuilly just outside Porte Maillot is similar to the Fête des In-

valides and lasts for a fortnight. Both sides of the road for miles are gay with decorated booths, flowers and flags, and all bourgeois Paris is seen here in the evening.

Later in the summer, Saint Cloud, too, has its fête which has the added attraction of many water games and sports on the Seine.

The Fête des Fleurs, held in the avenue des Acacias in the Bois in June, just before the Grand Prix, is of quite another genre and belongs more exclusively to the fashionable side of Paris. At this fête, which is given for the benefit of the families of the Paris police who have lost their lives in the discharge of their duty—and the number is very great—you will see the chic fashionable world in beautiful rose and violet-trimmed motor-cars and victorias lined with flowers, the women carrying floral parasols and tossing flowers as they pass and repass.

Flowers are everywhere. Garlands of pink and white roses are suspended from tall poles, and ropes of lilies and violets are stretched from tree to tree and twined about the tree trunks, while both ends of the section of the avenue given over to the fête are roped off with a blaze of flowers. A famous

actress of the Gymnase Theater passes you again and again in a red geranium-trimmed victoria, the center of the wheels in white roses. The beautiful and perfectly matched team of blacks wear blankets of scarlet geraniums and harness and collars of white roses.

The coachman and footman are in scarlet coats, and this Camille of the theater, in a white chiffon gown, wears a small white-rose hat and carries a parasol of the scarlet blossoms.

The fête lasts two days and a large sum is realized for the fatherless.

Le Jour de l'An or New Year's day, is the fête looked forward to by working Paris with interest

and assurance. A week before *réveillon,* or Christmas Eve, the *étrenne* procession begins to call on you and from then on till three or four days after New Year's, your bell is rung at intervals throughout the day. First the concierge gets very industrious. She takes up your door-mat and actually beats it out of a wide-open window on the stairway which has remained closed all the year with an invisible lock. She smiles on you as you pass her on the stairs, instead of presenting her back. She polishes up the brass handle of your door and dusts it down with a long brush. This all means a tip of anything from ten to one hundred francs, according to the amount of your rent.

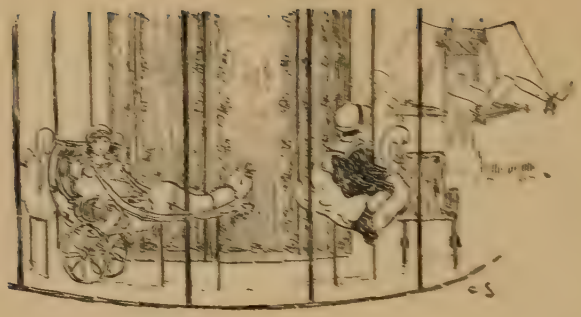
The *facteur,* with a smile in his beard, arrives in cocked hat and circular cape on which is pinned a medal often given for a service rendered by some other man. You never have seen him before. He informs you that he brings your journal every morning. You tell him you buy your journal at a kiosk and carry it yourself. He answers, *"Mais j'apporte les journaux ici chaque jour."* Of course, why argue? You are living in an apartment-house of seven *étages* and fourteen apartments. Without doubt he

brings journals. You pay and save time. He smilingly accepts the two francs and lifts his cocked hat. *"Merci, Madame,"* he says as he turns to descend the stairs.

The bell rings. This time it is a boy in buttons, a wholesome, pink-cheeked, black-eyed boy of fourteen. He is the *petit bleu* boy. You give him five francs, for your worktable is inundated with the *petits bleus.* This is the only kind of mail you can rely on. This boy is good to look at—not a little bit like his father.

The bell rings again; it is the *charbon à bois* boy, a little monkey without any memory, his face washed in spots and his brown eyes shining with anticipation. *"Combien?"* you ask him. *"Comme vous voulez, Madame,"* he answers, smiling, and is delighted with a franc.

The laundress times your laundry the day before New Year's. The milk boy on this morning rings your bell at seven o'clock, as does the bread woman —*porteuse du pain.* Each receives a franc. Then, there are the registered-letter man, the cable boy, the telegraph boy, and the garbage man. Even the gas man is not above waiting for his *étrenne,* not-



withstanding he has a military air and bristles with authority.

Thousands rush to Montmartre to view from the terrace of the Sacré Cœur the dawn of a New Year floating up to them out of the gray mysterious night surrounding and enveloping the Paris of Zola's Pièrre Froment.

The season's festivities begin two weeks before Christmas and do not terminate till after the new year is two or three days old. Parisians must have a day or two before a fête for preparation and a day or two after the fête to find their level again. They like to approach a joy slowly, to dream and anticipate, and then live it all over again in mind afterward. They dislike being hurried. The Parisian laborer will not work on Monday; it is too soon after

his Sunday fête. He must have time to reconstruct his Sunday pleasure and enjoy it again. The Parisian is always a child when at play, but he can be very earnest when at work.

The great national fête, the anniversary of the storming and taking of the Bastile, the ancient state prison, dating from the fourteenth century, which was crowded with victims of the despotism of the old monarchy, is celebrated on the fourteenth of July and is one of the most picturesque festivities of Paris.

A week previous to the fourteenth, the streets and boulevards are in unmolested possession of the *camelots,* for all Paris enjoys absolute freedom. Even the police lose their anxious look and enjoy themselves. At this time Paris is in a more chaotic state than ordinarily. The city is beautifully decorated; all the principal monuments are hung with flags and emblems; the cafés are festooned with flags, and the city is in gala dress. Even the concierge of the unfashionable quarter washes, buttons up and sallies forth to dance several rounds in the square near by. It is the one day in the year when her door is left unguarded for an hour, for even the Apaches give themselves over to the jollification, remunerating themselves in the crowd from time to time.

The state, the department of the Seine and the city of Paris contribute two hundred and fifty-five thousand francs to the popular amusement, and a hundred and twenty thousand more are divided among the different *arrondissements* for the very poor. There is a grand military review in the early morning hours at Longchamp; free performances are given in all the theaters and four great popular

balls take place in the evening, at one or the other of which, all true Parisians fraternize in the dance. All social barriers are leveled, and students, shopkeepers, grisettes, artists, models, Apaches, police, clerks, cabmen, *demi-mondaines,* concierges, soldiers, *cocottes,* cooks, maids and *bonnes* all dance in the public squares and on the sidewalk *terrasses* of the cafés which have been moved out on the pavement. The traffic of motors and cabs is completely blocked and the *cocher* who tries to break through while the dance is in progress is roughly handled, not by the police, but by a determined citizens' guard stationed at all corners of the square.

The trees are hung with red and yellow lanterns, and ropes and garlands of flowers are festooned from flag-poles put up at intervals with strings of swaying electric lights in colored shades. A bandstand is erected in every square throughout Paris and the city is a blaze of lights and flags. The orchestras play a varied repertoire over and over again for three consecutive afternoons and evenings.

Babies in arms and in perambulators, and tiny boys and girls participate in the frolic until two and three o'clock in the morning; women with trays of

sugared waffles and cakes, and men with nuts, olives and chocolate are constantly passing in and around the tables; hot coffee is served, and all are made comfortable and happy. Now and then in the rush a waiter trips on a rough stone and spills the contents of his tray on the head of some unfortunate, but apologies are made and accepted, and "everything goes". Good nature is on top. Even the police shake hands and fraternize with the Apaches.

The Place de la Bastile, the largest square in Paris, is dense with people on this fête night. The great bronze Colonne de Juillet is hung with ropes of electric lights festooned out to the big arc lights and flag-poles. Great chrysanthemum stars of light in all colors are elevated at points above the huge base, while Liberty Statue, a hundred and fifty feet in the air, stands out against the dark heavens in a blaze of blue light. Thousands of red balls of light gleam from all the trees, and the buildings surrounding the square are decorated in fantastic manner. Seven enormous pieces of fireworks, which cost the city twenty thousand francs, are exploded at twelve o'clock as a grand finale, although dancing is kept up until morning.

Montmartre, too, on this fête night, is a perfect whirligig of riotously gay people. Very little dancing is indulged in, but every conceivable something else is in full swing till morning.

CHAPTER V

SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN THE BOIS

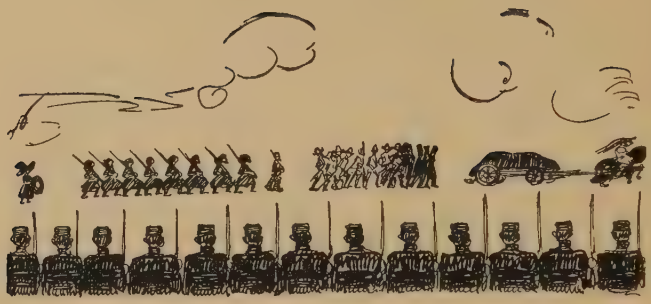
To sit, on a Saturday afternoon of June or July, in front of the Chinese restaurant near the Porte-Dauphine, and watch the carriage parade is to behold one of the characteristic and unforgetable sights of Paris. Every type of the world may be seen, in carriages, on wheels, or afoot, and from this comfortable nook one may miss but little. Under the trees of this Chinese tea garden are numerous little tables covered with white cloths, and there are dozens of attentive waiters hovering near, for tea has become a fashionable necessity since the English and the Americans have invaded Paris in such numbers. Here tea is served to suit all tastes—tea with rum, tea with brandy, tea with liqueur, tea with citron, tea with cream, tea clear, *comme vous voulez*. Under a fantastic green pagoda a scarlet-uniformed orchestra plays international music while the patrons chat and drink.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN THE BOIS

One of the interesting features of these Saturday afternoons in June and July is the almost unbroken bridal parades that drive through the Champs Elysées en route to the Bois, where the various parties stop at some favorite restaurant and drink champagne to the newly wed.

There are ten or twelve carriages in each procession, and on a pleasant afternoon from fifteen to twenty parties may be seen to enter the Porte-Dauphine entrance to the Bois and wind down the beautiful avenue des Acacias. The bride's carriage is stately and is built after the pattern of the king's carriage at Versailles, with big silver lamps front and back. It is upholstered in white broadcloth, the back of the seat hung with Duchesse or Renaissance lace, and the entire front a mirror, banked with the bride's roses, which reflects the interesting and pretty interior.

The *cocher* is very important in his black suit with much white shirt-front, and silver on his hat. He wears a broad smile and has a gardenia in his buttonhole. Many yards of white satin ribbon are looped and tied in knots with flowing streamers and wound about his whip. The horses are sleek, their

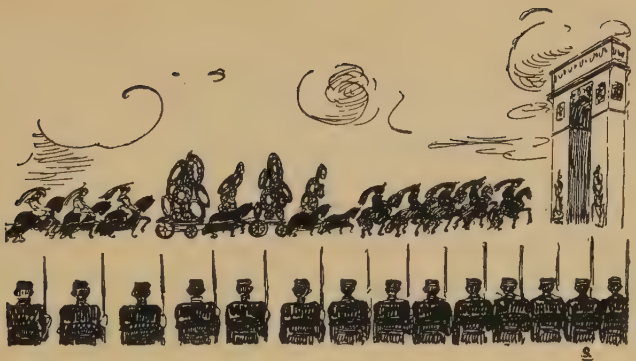


manes and tails tied and knotted with ribbons, and big white rosettes decorate their bridles.

These carriages are very expensive and their hire is often as much as the cost of a modest trip. But why should the Parisian take a bridal-trip when he has everything in beautiful Paris? Why, indeed!

By five o'clock many tourists are dashing by in open taxis. One of Cook's huge parties is en route through the Bois to St. Cloud, entirely satisfied with mere glimpses of what it takes years to know.

A perfectly appointed victoria, with footman and coachman in correct English livery has stopped at the curb and two old women in dowdy black, each with a fuzzy toy dog, step out and promenade under the trees. They are the flotsam of their world, for at sixty-five the *Parisienne* becomes careless of her



appearance, allows her Titian hair to show gray an inch or two from the roots, discards her face make-up and settles down into wrinkled old age. She concludes the game is no longer worth the candle, looks to her toy dog for consolation, and calls the world of fashion *si bête*.

Two bridal parties, one after the other, come dashing up the avenue. In the first carriage the bridegroom, a petty officer of the army, is in uniform. His bride is enveloped in billowy masses of tulle and the front of the carriage is banked with white roses and lilies. The guests following are smartly gowned and very gay. They toss flowers from carriage to carriage, kiss their hands to the occupants, smile and chat excitedly. In the second procession, most of the women are smoking cigarettes and mama's face is

very red as she shouts her joy to the guests in the carriage in front.

Still another bridal party passes. The bridegroom of sixty wears evening clothes and smiles contentedly at his bride of twenty. They are completely banked in with flowers and one huge bouquet of roses is suspended from the open window by white ribbons. The maids are in pale-blue *mousseline de soi* with white hats and blue feathers. The guests, in gay toilettes, are nodding, laughing, talking rapidly with their hands, shoulders and eyes, as well as their tongues.

A high cart, driven tandem, by a distinguished-looking gray-haired Englishman with a groom on the seat beside him, is just turning the corner, followed by three bicyclists—one, a girl, in lavender bloomers, exposing sun-burned calves and with a Turkish scarf wound into a turban on her head. They all do fancy-trick turns on their wheels as they speed around the corner.

The chairs in front of the restaurant are now all occupied and the band is playing a nocturne. Suddenly a black-garbed old woman appears before you for the two sous for your chair. *"Merci, Madame,"*

she says as she gives you your ticket. She is always smiling and polite.

Now it begins to rain a little, *quelle dommage!* and the people seated in chairs rush for the shelter of the umbrella-top trees in the thick wood near by. But it is only for a minute or two. *Voilà encore le soleil,* and everybody smiles again.

An Alsatian *bonne,* with two children driving a pet white goat and carrying a miniature sailboat, buckets and spades, is proceeding slowly toward the lake. Another bridal party is coming into view and the band is playing Lohengrin's

wedding march. This party is of the well-to-do bourgeois class. The old grandmother rides in a carriage with the *bonne*. She sits very straight in her black-silk gown and frilled, white tulle cap. Her cheeks are flushed with excitement or perhaps with the *vin ordinaire,* and her eyes twinkle and snap as she smiles and nods to the guests. Now the maids' carriage turns out of the procession and proceeds alongside of the bride's carriage where they pelt her with roses through the open window, all laughing joyously.

The bridal parties are now arriving in quartettes, all very gay, nodding and tossing flowers as they pass. One loses all count of them.

The omnibus special for ten is driving up with a whole family, including the country relations, all chattering like monkeys in their delight over the grand drive in the wonderful Bois.

And, silent commentary on the vanity of life, the cortège of the minister of war, who was crushed to death at the aviation meet, is solemnly winding its way through the Bois to St. Cloud.

You see many young women with old men, in beautiful limousines, who smile and look very bored.

The *Parisienne* may be sad at heart and in the very depths of despair, but you always see the outward smile, although it is often full of pathos.

A graceful, exquisitely-gowned young woman has just taken a seat near us. Her delft-blue eyes have

a wistful expression in their sad depths. With her are three well-groomed young men who gaze intently at her as they pay her compliments. But for all their attentions and her chic clothes, which of themselves make most French women happy, her smile is pathetic, and she has the sad indifferent air of a Camille. Like Camille, she, too, may have had a real lover and perhaps has had to give him up.

Now two *cochers,* with white varnished hats and very red faces that match their waistcoats in color, have locked wheels in trying to avoid two motors at the same time. There is much gesturing, shaking of fists and cracking of whips for emphasis. They call each other *sales lapins,* sons of pigs and sons of cabbages and are about to fight it out when one suddenly mounts his cab and harangues the collected crowd, all the time shaking his fist at his confrère. A policeman suddenly arrives and tells both of them to *allez vite.* The one who has been silent for a minute, tells the policeman no, he will not go—not he; he will say all; he has not yet had the chance of it, *moi!!* And he strikes his breast with his fist, mounts his cab and gives the policeman and the crowd his version of the locked wheels, then with a loud crack of the whip and a shout of, *"Voilà tout!"* he is off.

The *bonne,* with the happy children and white goat, is now coming in view en route home. The bicycle girl in lavender, with her two men companions, is swinging around the corner, the band is playing *The Beautiful Blue Danube,* and the cyclists, who are without doubt members of the *Nouveau Cirque,* are waltzing on their wheels in the open space. The

women sitting in chairs are taking out their rouge sticks, powder puffs and mirrors to touch up their expressions to the desired point.

The beautiful woman with delft-blue eyes and her three friends have motored off in a splendid violet car with a big Scotch collie seated beside the chauffeur. The cars in front of the tea garden, with their chic occupants, are departing one by one. The sun has disappeared behind the green tree-tops, and gray and purple shadows are enveloping the Bois in a velvet-like pall, for God's day is over and the Parisian hurries home to make ready for his day, which starts at midnight.

CHAPTER VI

GAY MONTMARTRE

The quintessence of Parisian gaiety begins at midnight on Montmartre. There gay Paris tosses to the winds her mask of decorum and etiquette and comes out in her true colors.

Between the Place Blanche and the Place Pigalle on the boulevard Clichy is a Broadway in miniature for revolving electric lights, and the cabarets, theaters, music-hall balls, all-night cafés of grotesque, fantastic and eccentric fame are as numerous as leaves on a tree. English-speaking people are always well represented at l'Abbaye, Tabarin, Pigalle, and Rat Mort. A visit to Paris is not complete without at least one all-night of gaiety on the world-famed *Butte*. At l'Abbaye's evening dress is *de rigueur,* and seated on old-pink chairs and divans and under hundreds of prism lights, you drink your champagne in a beautiful ivory and gold-mirrored salon and watch the French, Russian and Spanish

girls execute eccentric dances, point their toes above their heads and display the latest modes in French lingerie. Here many of the foreign colony dine before going to the theater, and here they return for supper and the dancing afterward.

On New Year's Eve all cosmopolitan Paris watches the old year out and the new year in at one or more of Montmartre's celebrated ball-cafés. On this greatest of all fête nights it is necessary to engage your table or loge at least ten days in advance. The usual price is multiplied by five, and a loge for four or six people will cost you from one hundred to one hundred and fifty francs.

At the Tabarin, the best known of all the music-hall ball-cafés, the scene in the *salle de dance,* on this fête night, is fairy-like with garlands of flowers, hundreds of colored lights, flags of all nations, suspended hoops loaded with souvenirs, huge New Year's cards representing the black cat, the donkey and the pig and reflecting mirrors wreathed in flowers, all seen through a bewildering maze of colored serpentine ribbons, thrown from the balconies on the dancers below.

The girls who dance the French quadrille or can-

Bal Tabarin

can of Mabille fame wear immense picture hats, lace lingerie and white satin gowns, each arranged with a wire hoop which they turn and throw over them as they do a high kick, frequently knocking off the hat of a man whose curiosity has led him too near. These girls are professionals and dance more or less mechanically, never with the spontaneous abandon that you will see at the Moulin de la Gallette and the Bullier on a big fête night. The four enormous hoops loaded with souvenirs, suspended from the ceiling over the dancers, are lowered just out of

reach of every one at eleven-thirty, and there is a wild scramble to poke them down with canes. A number fall and the hoops are suddenly pulled out of reach. Again they are lowered and some of the tall English and American men on the floor snatch off armfuls. This is kept up until the hoops are quite bare and everybody seems to have one or more of the beautiful souvenirs and in addition a revolving, noise-making disk.

Promptly at twelve the lights are turned off and the leader of the orchestra fires twelve pistol-shots

At the Dead Rat

to mark the hour. Then night is suddenly turned into day by strings of colored electric lights that have been hidden in the garlands of flowers, and the new year is ushered in by a deafening fanfare of trumpets, a chorus of voices in greeting and the clinking of hundreds of champagne glasses, while the orchestra plays a popular air and the dancing becomes fast and impetuous. The noise is deafening and is kept up for a half-hour, while a perfect lattice-work of color is woven across corners of the balconies by men and women pelting each other with serpentines. There is a parade of pretty girls in tinted gauzes representing the Goddesses of Love, War and Beauty, and the Four Seasons. The girls, posed in huge sea-shells and bowers of roses, are supported on the shoulders of Egyptians and Romans in gorgeous costumes. The procession circles the hall two or three times and disappears under a rain of flowers and colored ribbons.

The receipts on this night at Tabarin are between thirty and forty thousand francs.

Le Rat Mort, another popular all-night café, has been in existence fifty years. It was once the rendezvous of celebrated artists, one of whom decorated the

At l'Abbaye's

ceiling of the lower room and gave the name of Dead Rat to the cabaret. It is now transformed into a glittering all-night café, famous for its cuisine, where girls of the half-world, accompanied by eccentric Beau Brummels, dance round the tables while the world dines.

The world-famed Moulin Rouge is given over today to reviews; but every year in April, the great costume ball of the Quat'z' Arts is held here, and all Montmartre turns out into the Place Blanche to see the artists and models arrive under the red lights that outline the big arms of the mill. This ball is organized by art students of recognized ateliers, and is exclusively for them. No outsider is admitted. The committee which passes censor upon the costumes is rigorous, and if any costume falls below the artistic or historical standard the artist wearing it is not admitted.

Hundreds of motors and taxis dash up in a whirlwind of gaiety, songs and trumpet blasts, and out of them step Cleopatras and goddesses in jeweled belts and scant draperies. A Cæsar, in flowing toga, wearing a wreath of laurel, arrives on top of a taxi, blowing blasts from a long trumpet; the Emperor

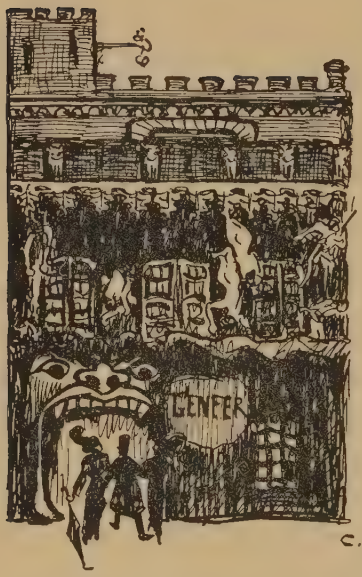
Arrival of the Quat'z' Arts

Nero, riding outside with the chauffeur, makes mock salaams to the crowd, while his guard, a Roman sentinel wearing a monocle, flourishes a long spear; barbarians, dressed in the skins of mountain goats, step from taxis arm in arm with Helens of Troy and Roman Octavias. A valiant Chief Hector wears a big checked ulster over his short skirt, for the night is cool; Hébés, Greek dancers and Roman gladiators arrive, salute and pass in; a dancing faun, smoking a huge cigar, assists a beautiful Psyche to dismount from the hood of the cab, and so the procession continues until twelve o'clock when the doors are closed and no one else is admitted. From then on till seven in the morning the great ball develops into a bacchanalian fête which rivals the fêtes of the ancient Greeks and Romans, with this difference, however, that the Bacchus and Bacchante poses are all ostensibly in the interests of art and are licensed by the officials of law and order.

Perhaps the most inane and morbid of all the Montmartre whirligigs of amusement are the Cafés du Ciel, de l'Enfer, and du Néant, where the interiors are supposed to represent heaven, hell and death. In le Ciel you are invited by an attendant in

medieval dress to, "Ascend into Heaven and meet your God." You go up-stairs, and through a gauze screen, see angels floating around in a blue sky studded with tiny stars of electric lights. You also are shown some optical illusions, all inane, vulgar, and ridiculous. At l'Enfer devils in red tights and horns greet you at the door with, "Descend into Hell and receive what you merit." You do not enter, but look in at le Néant, where pall-bearers with mock solemnity greet you with, "Prepare for death, for it is now upon you." Here, if you remain, you eat from the top of a coffin that serves as a table. Your waiter, dressed to resemble a skeleton, calls out, "One soup with a germ of smallpox." You are revolted and leave, but the French revel and find great amusement in such corruption.

There are many different phases of life on Montmartre. In the daytime the boulevard Clichy is like any other busy street of Paris, with its push-carts of vegetables and flowers, markets, paper kiosks, little street fairs, side-shows of performing animals, rushing motors, shops and *boutiques,* sidewalk *brasseries,* brazen advertisements, *camelots,* groups of gossiping old women in dishabille, men and dogs



sitting on benches under the trees, and children playing hop-scotch on the sidewalk, while the numerous all-night places are being dusted and aired for the evening's entertainment.

But if you turn to the left of the Moulin Rouge and climb the narrow, steep and crooked rue Lepic, you will meet with still another side of Montmartre life. Here everybody seems to go as they please—old women in chemises and short skirts, their bare feet thrust into wooden shoes; a tall girl of twelve in a single garment, an apron, half unfastened; boys with rags of shirt hanging to their shoulders, and ugly, fierce-looking, dirty men disputing over a cart of vegetables. You hurry on up the steep street, which becomes dirtier while the women grow more slovenly, until finally

you turn a sharp corner to the left and immediately breathe a purer atmosphere. Here the houses and inhabitants have the stamp of well-to-do respectability. Now and then through a court you catch a glimpse of neat gardens of flowers and shrubs, for right here in this particular section, still live some of the old families, the best of Paris' good bourgeois class. You continue your climb, a little farther on turning to the right, mounting up, up, until you see on your left the big black arms of the Moulin de la Galette with its high platform "Point de Vue," overlooking immense panoramic Paris, which from here looks like a city of gray ruins, except for the domes, spires, and the Tour Eiffel, which stand out in bold relief; for the

Moulin is still higher than the Sacré Cœur, and on a clear morning the view is infinitely more wonderful.

The balls held here are typically Parisian, *sans-gêne,* and very gay, for the dancing is spontaneous. Here there are no paid professionals, and the lancers affords great opportunity for capers and high kicks. The orchestra plays with great dash and is directed by an eccentric character, *Maestro Mabille.*

This Moulin de la Galette dates from the thirteenth century, when the people of that age sat in the garden drinking wine from the surrounding vineyards and eating a flat thin cake called *Galette,* which cake you can eat in Paris to-day. Years ago the hill of Montmartre was crowned with windmills, three of which are still to be seen in the garden of the Moulin de la Galette. You can also see in the garden bullet-holes made when in 1814 a portion of the allied armies fired upon the mill because the proprietor would not surrender. He was afterward seized, his body quartered, and the parts hung from the great arms of the windmill. The proprietor of to-day is the grandson of this brave man.

It was in the shadow of the great arms of this mill that dainty Mimi Pinson of *La Bohème* fame sat in

Steps Leading to Sacré Coeur

the tiny balcony of her mansard among her flowers and birds and dreamed her sad dream of love. It was here, too, the little seamstress Louise of Charpentier's opera, stood in the open window of her father's house and listened to the songs her artist-lover sang to her from his balcony near by, with such sweetness and passion that she left her workroom and home to follow the dictates of her heart, and joined her lover in his tiny garden which overlooked the immense gray picture below, where with arms twined about each other they called on "Par-ee! Oh, Par-ee!! Oh, Par-ee!!!" to witness their great happiness.

You climb two hundred and sixty steps or take the funicular railroad to reach the huge monument of cream-tinted stone, known as the Church du Sacré Cœur, which stands quite on the apex of Montmartre, from whose terrace on a clear day an imposing view of Paris is obtained. The church with its Romanesque-Byzantine architecture would seem more in place at Rome than in godless Paris. The great bell tower of the basilica, just now completed, rises like Giotto's Campanile of the Duomo at Florence, to a height of seven hundred feet above the

Rue St. Rustique

Seine. The tower and church, seen from different points in the city in the golden glory of an afternoon sun, resemble a stupendous temple of old ivory.

The interior of the church is spacious and lofty, with enormous stone arches, and the soft yellow light from the windows of the big dome sheds a warmth over the cold bare interior. Processions of little orphan children led by priests and sisters, the latter in white-winged caps, are passing and repassing for afternoon vespers. Just outside are numerous old women selling saints, beads and virgins in blue robes; and miserable beggars, blind, crippled and half-starved, solicit alms as you pass.

You turn to the left of the church and proceed down a narrow roughly-paved street between high plastered walls where, now and then, you catch a glimpse through an open gate of a garden, two or three feet below the street, dark and cool-looking under its thatch of green leaves. A little farther on you come into a tiny open square, Place Cottin, and realize you are quite in the country. A quiet sleepy village is around you, with detached cottages and green blinds, not a cart or horse to be seen, the cobbles overgrown with grass, and the children and

Artist and Model

dogs playing in the street. Idle contented-looking men are lolling in the doorways, smoking and watching the women who, seated near, are chatting, knitting and sewing. The scene is rustic and might be fifty miles from seething Paris, so tranquil and peaceful seem these simple folk. If you ask them they will tell you, *"C'est Montmartre, pas Paris."* You wonder in what manner they earn their bread, for in the adjoining streets are no shops—only a wine-house or two with tables and chairs in front—not even a push-cart or newsboy. You learn that the younger element go every morning down the steep hill to Paris, where they work at some trade, returning at six o'clock to spend their evenings dancing at the Moulin de la Galette. The older people have no taste for the turmoil of Paris. They prefer to pass their existence in a peaceful way among their chickens, vegetables and flowers, content to view the wonderful city enveloped in its gray mist from their garden terrace three hundred and fifty feet above.

It was in this little square that Saint Denis was beheaded and the insurgents in 1871 got possession of the cannon after assassinating Generals Clément-

Thomas and Lecomte, when one more horror was added to the city's appalling list. In this dreamy

Mansard of Mimi Pinson

part of highest Montmartre you will see to-day the real Bohemian artist or poet called the "pure",

strolling about in picturesque attire, unkempt and dirty, with long hair, and smoking a longer pipe; wearing wide velvet trousers, innocent of linen, and his coat buttoned up to meet the flowing neck-scarf of scarlet or black silk. He is accompanied often in his walks by his model, who wears a tub gown, her madonna-type of face full of love and respect for her ideal artist for whom she makes the ménage, and whom she cheers and encourages in his rare intervals of work. Mere work in order to gain success he considers vulgar and to fame he is indifferent, often signing an exquisite poem or picture under some other name. He takes no note of time, is artistically disinterested in business, is without ambition, loves his independence and care-free tranquillity. He turns out just enough work to enable him to buy the necessary food and to sit with his brother artists at their favorite rendezvous, the Cabaret du Lapin Agile, so-called from the picture of a gigantic rabbit escaping from a stew-pan, painted on the front of the establishment. Here they smoke and drink beer, served them from a stone jug by their picturesque musical proprietor, and talk over and

dream of some wonderful conception they have in mind but which they rarely find time to execute.

Among these Bohemians there are celebrities, who, although quite unreliable, produce now and then a poem of such exquisite rhythm that all the world will talk of it, or a picture so wonderful in conception and so gorgeous in coloring that it is the marvel of the salon. But, being pressed for money, the artist has already sold it for two or three hundred francs to a shrewd connoisseur who maintains a tiny shop in the neighborhood, and understanding the temperament, tastes and ways of these artists, takes advantage of them. Later this connoisseur sells the picture to an art collector for three or four thousand francs.

West of this quiet artistic quarter, in and around the rue des Saules and the rue St. Rustique is a dark, sinister, hideous side of Montmartre, where poverty, vice and crime walk hand in hand, where the people are miserable, cold and hungry, where little children and the very old are left to die of starvation in horrible holes of tenement houses with broken windows, exhaling atrocious odors. But even

here, the filthy door is guarded by a greasy miserable concierge who collects the meager rent for her boulevardier proprietor.

Here, too, is where the Apaches dwell in large numbers, and from here they make their descent into the Place Blanche and Place Pigalle, snatching purses from the gay crowds who are leaving the places of amusement in the early morning hours.

Paris is literally infested with Apaches who breed and thrive in colonies along the banks of the Seine and in different quarters of Paris. Their women act as decoys and then blow a whistle, when suddenly two or three of these men, often mere boys, spring upon their victim, stab him three or four times, then rob and leave him.

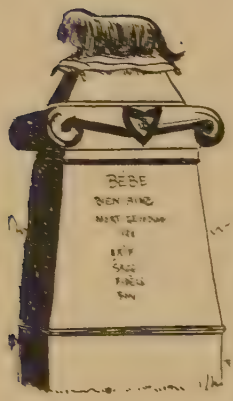
The Bois de Bologne is one of the Apaches' rendezvous, and people are robbed and stabbed there nearly every day.

It is not safe for a woman, alone, to make the short cut through the Bois from the Porte-Dauphine to the Porte Maillot at twelve o'clock noon. The little police do their best, but the municipal authorities make no effort to rid Paris of these assassins. The policy

of the changeable government seems to be to "live and let live" and to give everybody, even the thieves and assassins, employment.

CHAPTER VII

PARISIAN DOGS



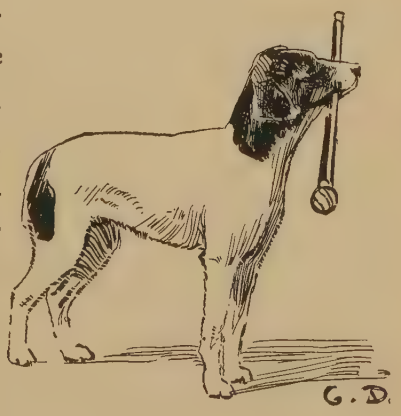
The Parisian loves variety and movement, dislikes trouble, and economy is his one hobby. Hence, he dispenses with a competent cook and dines at the restaurant. You often see whole families dining at the restaurant. I do not mean to convey the idea that "a whole family" means many children, for the Parisian who prefers to dine at the restaurant never has a number of children. There may be a young daughter or a son and—the dog—there always is a dog, and he is of as much importance as the daughter.

Lili has his special chair and plate at the table. His napkin is tucked under his silver-gilt collar, and often the *garçon* serves him with an especially-made pâtée, or Monsieur cuts into shreds bits of meat, green beans and lettuce, to which he adds a few

drops of olive oil, and then portions off the mixture into tiny heaps. Don't think for a moment Lili gobbles it up in a flash, or, in his hurry, pokes half of it off on the cloth with his nose and licks the plate shining clean. Lili has manners—never a wolfish appetite.

He is as dainty as a Dresden china lady. He knows how to take up each small portion with his teeth. To be sure, now and then a morsel will rest on his nose, but Lili is conscious at once of its presence there and with his paw deftly fillips it off into his plate. Then he looks at mama with his pleading brown eyes for approval before he attempts another mouthful.

The human understanding of these dogs who dine in public is wonderful, and they have a great fascination for me. I particularly admire the *caniche,* better known as the French poodle, elab-



orately barbered with rosettes on his back, legs and tail, often wearing a bracelet on his left fore leg, and on his head a long lock of curls tied up with a chic bow of blue ribbon. He is either snow-white, cinnamon-brown or jet-black in color, and is perhaps the most intelligent of all breeds.

You see him now and then conducting a blind man in and out of a busy street, and often he is found on a corner for hours with a card hanging from his mouth, begging for himself and his master. Even the beggar takes great pride in his dog and will deny himself in order that his faithful friend may be well fed and properly barbered. I have seen a tiny four-pound black-and-tan with speaking brown eyes answer intelligently every question asked him.

The smart fox terrier is Monsieur's favorite, and he will amuse himself by the hour sitting in a chair in the Champs Elysées or avenue du Bois de Bologne, throwing a ball or stick, which the dog always chases in great glee and fetches to his master's feet for another throw. The French bulldog is also very wise and always well-trained.

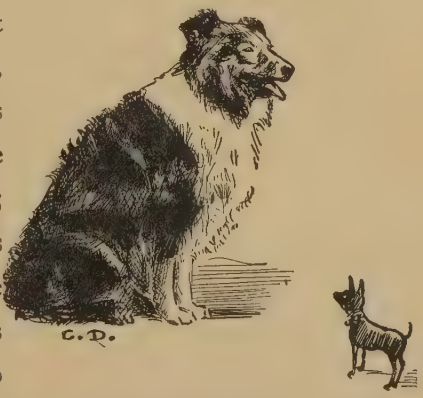
But it is the toy dog—Pekingese, Japanese, Blen-

heim, Yorkshire, Pomeranian, Papillon, Griffon or the fluffy, silky-haired tiny poodle—that often takes the place of children in the French family. He is pampered and coddled, bathed and brushed, rocked, hugged and kissed, and then put to sleep between embroidered sheets, on a pillow of down in a white enameled or brass bed. He goes to his tailor's with his mistress in the limousine, riding with his silky *pattes* hanging out of the window. He wears a fine filigree-gold collar with his name done in brilliants and one or two tiny gold bells pendent.

The dog tailor is a great personage with a big clientele and is as expensive in proportion as Worth

or Paquin. He stands Jou-Jou on his table and studies him with as much thought as he does his model. He trys on Jou-Jou's new broadcloth or velvet jacket and considers a bit of skunk fur. Then he tries a flat band of ermine. Since Madame wears ermine with her marine-blue velvet, Jou-Jou is best with a tiny band of ermine on his velvet jacket. Jou-Jou has a pocket in which he sports a real lace-edged handkerchief, for often he gets a cold when the maid has neglected to put on his boots, and the tears are apt to flow and must be wiped away. The boots for wet weather are rubber and in color match his ribbon bow.

He has his visiting cards and visiting jacket, his promenade jacket and his motor coat, which in winter is entirely of ermine or white rabbit; and if he suffers from ear trouble he frequently goes out with a fur cap tied under his chin. In June when the sun is hot



you will see him walking in the avenue du Bois at eleven A. M. with a tiny red or green silk parasol attached to the back of his harness, protecting his head from the sun. Later, he goes to Deauville, or

Dieppe and promenades on the beach in a bathing costume which harmonizes perfectly with that of his mistress.

From the dog tailor has sprung the dog furnisher, at whose shop everything for fashionable dogdom can be purchased, including bath-tubs, bed equipment and chairs; leashes, collars, combs and brushes; soaps and perfumes; traveling sacks and upholstered baskets; eye-glasses, bracelets, and boots—even down to tooth brushes.

When Lili, Bébé or Jou-Jou dies he has a Père-Lachaise on an island in the Seine at Pont de Clichy,

SE D'AFFICHER
N'OUBLIÉ PAS UN PÔVRE AVEUGLE S. V. P.
G.D.

Asnières, where he is buried. A marble monument is erected to his memory and on top of it stands a sculptured Bébé, often his head only in bas-relief over his epitaph:

Bébé
Bien aimé
Mort le 10 Juin
1911
Il etait naïf, sage, bon,
intelligent et fidèle.

The graves are overgrown with ivy or outlined with immortelles. Often a tiny bead or china-flower wreath leans against the monument, or a large palm leaf is laid across the grave. You are not permitted to enter this cemetery, unless you have a Nanade or Chou-Chou buried there.

I was at the entrance looking in when a dog funeral party dashed up in a big touring car. The valet, in solemn black, got out, carrying the miniature white casket on which was a wreath of violets—no doubt the dog's favorite flowers. Madame followed in deep black, and then the Bréton *bonne,* whose costume always is black, led by the hand a little girl in a white gown, black socks and pig-tails tied up

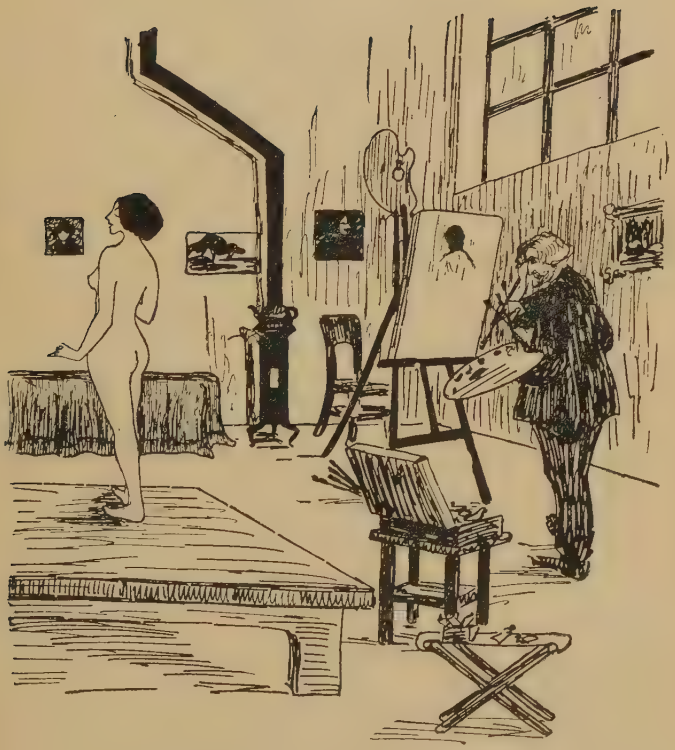
with black ribbons. The procession passed in and I tried desperately to pass in with it, but the gates were suddenly closed by one of the omnipresent guardians, leaving me on the outside—possibly because I, too, was not arrayed in black.

CHAPTER VIII

ARTIST LIFE IN THE QUARTER

OWHERE in the world can you see more happy-go-lucky Bohemians from every clime, greater eccentricity in dress, more varied styles of hair and beard, more beautiful models and piquant grisettes than in the *Quartier* of song and story on the south side of the Seine—made famous some fifty years ago by the poetical genius, Henri Murger, in his *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème,* from which sprang the melodious *La Bohème.*

The *Quartier* is dominated by the fifty thousand students of law, medicine, science and art who dwell there, and it is well they have this particular quarter. Otherwise, all Paris at times would be in an uproar, for when they have a grievance they muster a formidable army among themselves and march



Simont at Work in His Atelier

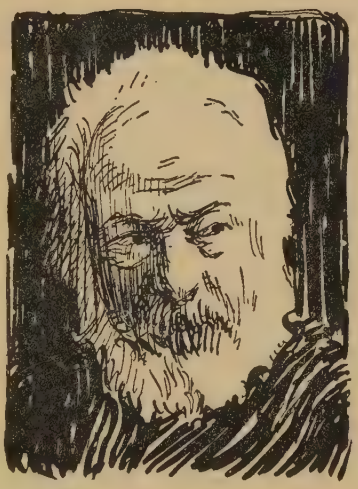
forth to protest against their real or imaginary wrong. In former years, serious clashes with the police and soldiers resulted in horrible tragedies; but now the municipal government gives the students much license, and the police often condone offenses that would be condemned in another quarter. The students rarely take advantage of this elasticity of the law, although many hilarious pranks are indulged in at the expense of an unpopular professor, the government officials and the police.

The inner life of this Bohemia has changed little since Murger's day, although many of its outward signs have been razed or moved over to Montmartre to make way for the onward march of the much-hated, though thrifty, well-to-do bourgeois class. The *Quartier* has just as many Collines, Rodolphes, Schaunards and Marcels with their good little comrades—Mimis, Francines, Musettes and Maries—as in Murger's time, all of whom are just as careless, light-hearted, loyal and prodigal, who pawn a pair of new boots and shuffle gaily along in carpet slippers for a fortnight that they may celebrate a fête with Monette or Francine; who sell their winter coats to lend the money to a comrade in distress; who

Grisette

break up unnecessary chairs on a cold winter night to add fuel to the dying flame in the little chimney of the sixth *étage* in order to continue in comfort the celebration of a feast in honor of Louise's or Suzanne's fête day. There are just as many unkempt care-free students, artists and poets in the *Quartier* as when Thackeray visited it and made fame for the little Restaurant Thirion in the boulevard St. Germain. This afterward became a rendezvous for artists and singing poets, who often found themselves without money to pay for a gala supper, and the proprietor as often canceled the debt in exchange for a panel picture painted on the wall above the table or on the table top where the supper was served.

In the little rue Léopold-Robert—named for a celebrated artist—between the boulevards Montparnasse and Raspail, is a tiny restaurant popular



with the Anglo-Saxon artists because of its delicious beefsteak smothered in onions. One of the little dining-rooms has a mural decoration representing a humoristic poem of "The Queen of Hearts Who Made Some Tarts." It bears the date 1898, and stands for sixty dinners eaten by an American artist. The little restaurant has been known ever since as "The Queen of Hearts."

In order to understand this gay, care-free, irresponsible artist life of Latin Bohemia, you must summer and winter in the heart of it, and let its surcharged atmosphere penetrate, absorb and envelop you. It will produce a change in you, but the change will be so gradual you will be unconscious of it. You must breath it, eat it, drink it, live it; you must attend the Sorbonne and the Bullier, frequent the taverns and cafés along the boulevard St.

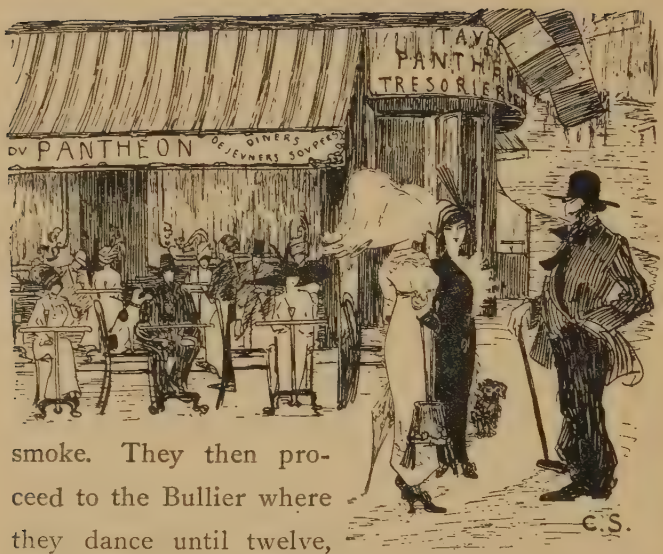
Michel, find your way into the favorite little restaurants hidden in some narrow street, spend evenings at the *Cabaret des Noctambules* near the Place de la Sorbonne and listen to the seventy-year-old singing poet of Montmartre; attend the expositions at the Beaux-Arts, be present on the varnishing days of the autumn and spring salons; visit or become a member of the *croquis* life classes of the ateliers in the rue Grand Chaumière; have the entrée to the ateliers of the new-art pretenders, known as *"Cubistes", "Pointillistes",* and *"Tartinistes",* where the conversation is as "screaming" as the pictures—these latter have the appearance of being crocheted in wool and done with painted blocks! You must also make friends among the very poor artists who have their ateliers in the roofs of houses in some narrow crooked street, where they work and have only a toy stove to keep off the frost, but view the most gorgeous sunsets from a tiny balcony, or look out over a zigzag sky-line of quaint mellow-tinted chimney pots, the like of which is seen in no other city.

These struggling artists never lose hope, for they have ever in mind some grand conception, some chef-d'œuvre, which they will produce some day and with

which they will startle the world. The greater number of them are young, and their youth buoys them up through all their disappointments and misfortunes. They are philosophers, subtle and shrewd, and have divers ingenious ways of holding off an importunate proprietor and the concierge when their rent is two months in arrears.

They often dine luxuriously on thirty sous. They are healthy young animals, always possessed of a desert thirst that they satisfy with bocks for four sous each. Their Chateaubriand is often horse meat, but is disguised by a savory onion or herb sauce, the secret of which is known only to Alphonse, who serves it. Their snails are often only snails in name and shell, for the shells are deftly filled and refilled with soft cat meat by the use of an ingenious machine which is the invention of a Frenchman. The imitation is so perfect that epicures do not know the difference, and the artists and students smack their lips over it as though it were the choicest delicacy.

When the artists have money, Musette, Manon and Louise share the fête dinner with them, and they eat it in an atmosphere of gaiety interspersed with songs, impromptu speeches, hand-pressures and



smoke. They then proceed to the Bullier where they dance until twelve, then they rush off to the atelier of Jean, where there is a battered piano, and the revelry is kept up until night gradually drifts into gray dawn before they separate, *chacun avec sa chacune*. It is a merry life without responsibility, unkempt and often dirty, lived in a cloud of reekng tobacco smoke.

The artist-to-be arrives in Paris from his peasant home, in the north or south of France, ignorant of the life he is to live. He often has an income of a thousand francs. He finds a room among the chimney pots in the heart of Bohemia where he installs

his few belongings and proceeds to gain experience and knowledge of the *Quartier* life and of his art.

He tries all the different schools, visits the *croquis* life classes of the numerous ateliers, and if his art is with the brush, settles down, through the advice of a comrade, to study under Simont or Julian, or, if his ambition is for sculpture, with Rodin.

He goes to his atelier at ten A. M. and works with comrades of his own *type* and fortune. Each one has a pipe in his mouth, and the work goes on in a cloud of smoke and a roar of fun and jokes indescribable.

His *pièce de résistance* in attire is his waistcoat,

his *jilet,* which he reserves for gala occasions. It is often of bright scarlet, pumpkin-yellow or emerald-green with broad stripes or big checks. It is buttoned up tight to the throat or worn in "V" fashion if he happens to be rich in shirts. The velvet coat is then left open to display this gorgeous splash of color, which attracts as much attention on varnishing day at the salon as the latest inspiration of the *Cubistes, Pointillistes,* or *Scotchplaidistes.*

The grisette, the good comrade of these unkempt, often dirty artists, no longer exists as Du Maurier painted her in his *Trilby.* She is rarely seen to-day without a hat. On the contrary she is in startling contrast to the shabby artist. She wears the latest mode in hats, and her skirt always is more extreme than Paul Poiret's *dernier cri.* Her feet are shod in patent leather pumps, gray or brown suède, with extreme French heels. Her big bag of gold embroidery is hung over her right shoulder, and she often carries the latest idea in parasols. On close inspection the materials of her hat and gown will prove to be of the least expensive, but the cut is the latest. She always manages to wear lace stockings of a good quality, often silk. Her hats are exagger-

ated as to form and feather, but she wears them with a piquancy only known to a *Quartier* grisette. She is often pretty, now and then beautiful, invariably kind and vivacious, full of fun and good nature. Her make-up is sometimes glaring, though quite as often her lips, hair and eyes display only nature's tinting.

You wonder at her fondness for the society of those shabby careless artists and students. The secret lies in the artists themselves. They have talent, and the grisette is at times devoted to the arts. She is extremely proud of her picturesquely shabby Pièrre or Gaston, often becomes his very shadow, is disinterested at times in her affection and remains true and faithful at least during the spring course of lectures at the Sorbonne.

Now and then you will notice a *vrai amour*. A serious artist, distinguished for his Vandyke beard and yellow boots, may be seen every day from five to six, promenading under the trees in the Luxembourg Gardens, arm in arm with a Juno-like girl, her head regally poised on her slender white throat. She, too, is serious, without a hat—this true *type*—in a simple black gown, cut low in the neck, her

beautiful bare feet in sandals. She is the sculptor's model, his inspiration, his amour. They are happy in each other's society, serenely unconscious of the curious world gazing at them. Day after day, they promenade with the same wrapped-up-in-each-other air, always gay, smiling into each other's eyes, the impersonation of joy, contentment and love—for they live for art—and for each other.

These Bohemian artists are ever generous and unselfish with comrades in distress and prodigal as long as money lasts. When Jacques is reduced to a franc or two he applies himself diligently for a day or more to the making of half a dozen "new-art" sketches in flaming colors. Then he sets up a folding stand on the Boul' Miche', and arranges the sketches to catch the eyes of tourists in the cosmopolitan crowd, constantly passing and repassing. He assumes a serious rapt expression. His corduroy

jacket is buttoned up to the throat. He is without collar or tie and possibly without a shirt. His flat broad-brimmed hat, which in happy days rests jauntily on the back of his head, exposing a plastered Spanish bang, to-day is tilted far down over his eyes. He affects the immovable attitude of a statue, with his arms folded across his breast and his blue hands tucked under his armpits for warmth—for it is a raw December day and he has been standing here since ten o'clock and has sold only two of the six sketches.

He looks upon this work of his with contempt, for he is a serious artist when he works, and these sketches are mere trumpery painted to catch the eye and to bring in a few francs to shut out actual misery for a week until his next remit-

tance arrives. The remittance is already spent, but its arrival will gain for him a ten day's credit at his favorite restaurant and with his *marchand du bois.*

A *petite connaissance* stops in wonder to see in such a serious mood Jacques, who usually is so gay. Then sympathy looks out of her blue eyes. She, too, knows *les jours noirs,* for did not Antole leave her without a word one day and go over to Marie, who lives in the mansard opposite. *"Hélas! il n'y a plus de soleil pour moï,"* she said, one night as she stood on the Pont Neuf and contemplated the black water below. Ah, yes, little Monette is full of sympathy for Jacques that he must stand here in the cold, without his greatcoat—which is in pawn at the friendly *Mont de Pitié*—and sell his sketches. Then she tells him of her black days—of the night on the Pont Neuf and how it was Antole who chanced to

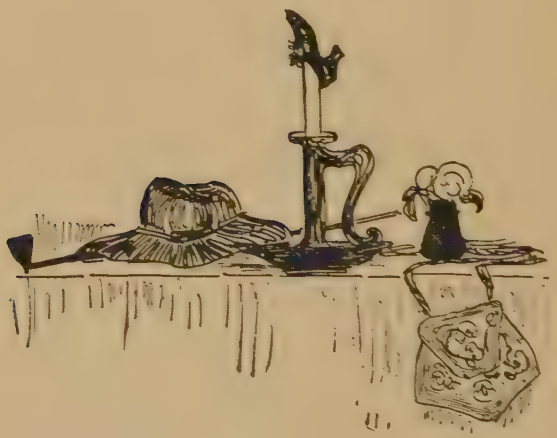
be near and saved her—and how happy they now are. *"Un beau soleil se levera pour vous demain,"* she says to Jacques, as she presses his cold hand and nods au revoir.

At five o'clock Jacques, who has disposed of all of his sketches, is the gayest of a gay quartette of comrades seated at a table at the Panthéon Tavern, smoking and drinking bocks, creating an appetite for one of Adolph's *ragoûts de lapin* to be served with a savory sauce. Suzanne will dine with him to-night, and there will be serviettes and *du vin blanc,* for Jacques has been very successful with his sketches and he feels himself a Crœsus for this evening at least.

On Sunday Jacques and Suzanne will spend the day in the country; take a *petit bateau mouche* down the serpentine, sage-green river to Bellevue or Robinson, villages perched along its banks, where they will eat their luncheon in a vine-covered bower built in the very top of a big tree, on a high hill, and look out over the Elysian fields far below, in the heart of which rise the wonderful sun-kissed monuments of blue-gray Paris. They will return on the last boat

at nine in the evening, then wander hand in hand along the Quai Voltaire to the Pont Neuf and watch the moon shedding its silver rays over the dark water, in which are reflected thousands of rainbow-colored lights which outline the numerous bridges and quays.

Beautiful Paris! the Mecca of youth and love, and of folly and wickedness, for wickedness plays an important part in life, and nowhere in the world is it given more open expression than in Paris.



CHAPTER IX

IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS

The vast garden of the Luxembourg, redolent with flowers and gleaming with statues, with its cool groves of chestnut trees and avenues of trimmed sycamores, where Marie de Medici held her garden fêtes four centuries ago, is to-day the outdoor salon, the social rendezvous of the Latin Quarter, where all the heterogeneous *types* circulate. Here is the Musée, filled with famous modern paintings, and the historical Palais du Luxembourg, where, in the inner courtyard, the most celebrated victims of the Revolution took their exercise and jested about death.

On an April morning at eight o'clock these gardens of the Luxembourg are entrancing in the unfolding of flower and leaf, enveloped in a vague blue haze after a night's refreshment of warm rain. Thousands of buds on the branches of the great sycamores and chestnuts lift their delicate green tips, still

sparkling with rain-drops, and nod greeting to the dazzling sun-rays. Birds are twittering and building nests in the swaying branches, which, in wild delight at the warmth and gentle breeze, interlace and embrace. The blue and gray doves coo and flutter from one marble monument to another, where they revel in sun baths; the brilliant sunshine lights up the tulip beds into streaks of red and yellow flame; the velvet-eyed pansies are awake and lift their heads to suck in the light, air and warmth; the narcissus and honeysuckle mingle their delicious perfume with the balmy air; the bees and humming birds are busy culling sweets from each flower-heart.

Robin redbreasts strut about proudly and fearlessly in search of a wiggling *ver* for déjeuner. The grass and shrubs glisten like rose-cut diamonds set in nests of emeralds.

In the azure blue above, great banks of soft pearl-white clouds form a chain of fluffy mountains, at the base of which a tiny blue bay is outlined with a fleecy white streak. The fantastic lattice of shadows cast by the interlaced budding branches clothes the nude white marble statues in robes of lace adorned with golden fringe. The Bacchus of the Medici

fountain stands out boldly from his shadowy niche arrayed in tattered sun glints.

The marble steps leading to the sunken gardens gleam white in the golden light; the great dome of the Panthéon, rising loftily above the tree-tops, is enveloped in a glittering halo; the limpid water in the octagon basin has amber and silver patches of tiny fish basking in the warm rays, while the graceful jet of water, spouting from the midst of a group of marble cupids, falls in tinted spray as the breeze wafts it over a tiny red sail drifting near.

At this hour all nature is awake with love, harmony, music, warmth and perfume. The songs of the birds, the cooing of the doves and the hum of the bees, which have been the only sounds in this perfect solitude of happy budding nature, are suddenly drowned in the joyous shouts of red, green and white-coated human mites armed with spades, rakes and tiny buckets, who have come pell-mell into the gardens to dig up the sand at the base of a seventeenth-century marble queen and transfer it to the feet of Sainte Geneviève, where a fort is quickly constructed.

Poulette, with her skipping-rope, suddenly spies

little Coq and calls out gaily, *"Viens ici vite, j'ai quelque chose belle tu peux voir,"* and little Coq, in velvet jacket and lace collar, lifts his hat from a mop of blond curls, extends a tiny hand in greeting and smiles the most adorable of smiles. Poulette raises her short skirt and takes from her muslin pocket underneath a small red box which she secretly uncovers to him.

No children in the world are so fascinating and adorable as these mignon French children at play. If you live near the Luxembourg Gardens you will consider no day quite complete unless you have spent an hour or two watching these mites with their hoops, tops, diabolos, buckets and spades, busy as bees, digging, and building, and playing house, or *grande-dame,* hop-scotch, or "coo-coo" among the trees and statues.

In the sun-garden are the babies, animated bisque dolls, surrounded by an army of picturesque *bonnes* —Alsatian, Norman, Breton, Spanish, African, Roumanian—all in native dress—wearing caps of the finest hand-embroidered linen and lace, and many with yards and yards of wide sash-ribbon quilled round the dainty crowns, ending in long

Machiavellian Types

flowing streamers. Here, too, is where the children sail their boats in the big basin under the fountain. And about the whole circle stand green-tubbed, pink and white oleanders in their blooming circumference.

Over on the west side you enter the gardens from the boulevards Montparnasse and Raspail, the English and American artists' quarter, and traverse the section of the gardens laid out in English fashion with shrubs and flower-beds, foliage-bordered walks, statues and trees. Here are innumerable bourgeois family groups. Madame, with her sewing or millinery, often makes and trims a hat in an afternoon or constructs a little gown for Marie while she chats with a neighbor and breathes in the de-

licious air. Little Marie is seated near with a piece of work pinned to her short skirt. She is busy basting the hem of a big sailor collar which will adorn her tiny frock. At four o'clock she puts aside her work, picks up her diabolo, and with her reward of three sous, she hastens over to the old woman of the children's booth, and buys a *croissant* or cake of chocolate and calls out, "Coo-coo," to a playmate as she dodges behind the monument of George Sand.

On the south wall of the Gardens, fruit trees are so trained that the fruit may catch every ray of sunshine. When the fruit begins to ripen, a small paper sack is tied over each pear or peach to protect it from the countless birds that make their home here.

The Octagon Basin

A beautiful thought of the government is to dispose of the ripe fruit among the miserable poor sick people at the *Hôpital de la Pitié*.

You thread your way through the maze of winding walks and flower-beds and come out into long wide avenues of fantastically trimmed trees whose green umbrella tops form cool and shady promenades. Boys and girls, expert with the diabolo, are here, throwing to great heights their balls, which they keep in motion, each time sending them higher and higher with the dexterity of a professional Jap. Great crowds of interested grown-ups surround them and applaud. At the edge of a shady grove to the left is the Punch and Judy show, where tiny children seated on benches in front of the miniature stage shout with joy and clap their hands at the antics of Mr. Punch, while outside the roped-off space a crowd of equally delighted *bonnes,* Mesdames and Messieurs smile and nod approval.

This little *Théâtre Guignol* is very popular and has been the joy of children for centuries. Here, too, are the many varieties of swings always in motion and always occupied by little ones and surrounded by the *bonnes.* Across the way are the

merry-go-rounds of grinning wild animals in their new spring coats of gay colors, set in motion by a genial perspiring man. Round and round they whirl to the accompaniment of a squeaky graphophone or hand-organ; but inharmonious as is the music, it adds to the joy of the children as they clasp ecstatically the neck of a giraffe or laughing tiger. Farther on is the *Jeu de Paume,* the favorite pastime of the court ladies during the reign of the Louis. Here, too, are the tennis-courts, all occupied by Sorbonne students.

In the croquet grounds beyond, happy old men are playing this passé game, while other old men outside the stretched wire between the avenues of trees, laugh and chuckle at every bad shot. Ten, fifteen and twenty years ago old men were playing here and other old men were looking on, and so they will continue to the end of time. Babies are born in the Luxembourg Gardens; they grow up here, become old men, wandering here to their final day of activity, and at last their bodies are laid away in Père-Lachaise.

Around the horse-shoe curve above the sunken garden in the northeast corner, with its *sorti* on the

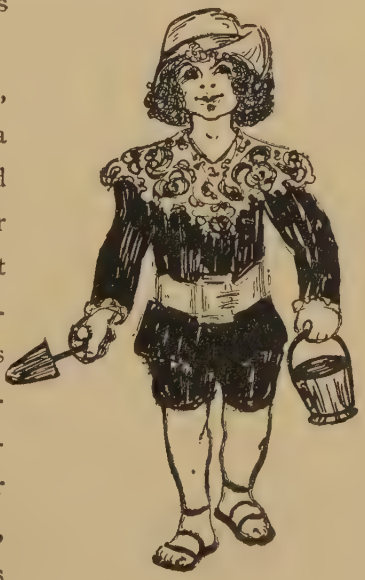
Poulette

boulevard St. Michel, is Artists' Row, where the more serious artists sit on sunny afternoons with their backs to the marble balustrade and sketch and paint animated bits of moving color, with green trees and the Panthéon dome as a background.

Here, too, the *femme du Quartier,* more serious than the grisette, seats herself with a book or strip of embroidery and carries on a mild flirtation with the artist in mustard-brown velvet seated next to her, who is painting a group of children on a bit of canvas stretched over the cover of his open paint box. The *femme du Quartier* is always demure in man-

ner, chic, and dressed in the latest mode. Her little girl, playing under the trees near by, wears a quaint gold embroidered cap on her bushy dark curls and her short red skirt displays her bare fat legs and feet in white sandals. This *femme du Quartier* is usually her own *bonne* and guards on a chair beside her Volette's numerous playthings.

It is often through admiration for the child, who is dressed to catch the artist's eye, that the mother and the artist become acquainted, and as Madame spends her afternoons day after day with Volette in the Gardens, Artists' Row becomes a rendezvous. Now and then, when Monsieur unexpectedly arrives, it is the book or embroidery which occupies all of Madame's attention, or she calls Volette to her, adjusts her cap, wipes her face, and gives her two sous



with which to buy a *petit pain.* Monsieur looks on in pleased content at this domestic picture. He has turned his back on the artist in mustard-brown, but Madame gives the artist a discreet glance out of the corner of her eye and smiles demurely.

Presently Monsieur calls Volette to him, kisses her and hurries away to his business, his favorite café or his own rendezvous. At five o'clock, Madame, Volette and the artist, with Volette's sack of playthings and his paint box tucked under his arm, stroll down the marble steps near the Medici fountain into the rue de Vaugirard and are lost to view. These little intrigues give a flavor to the otherwise monotonous life of the *femme du Quartier.*

Many artists who are resting their big black sketch-books on the balustrade, and with their backs to the Panthéon dome are sketching a corner of the Palace, the basin, sailboats and fountain, with the twin towers of St. Sulpice rising like stately sentinels above the green tree-tops in the distance. There are many humoristic artists seated or standing about, who, with a few strokes of the pencil, rapidly sketch the many *types* strolling under the trees.

For this northeast corner of the Gardens is the heart of Bohemia, the rendezvous of *types* and grisettes. On Tuesday and Thursday afternoons between four and five, when the military band is play-

ing, you will find all nations, colors and shades of color walking in the *Allée des Veuves,* or seated on benches or chairs, chatting and listening to the music. All Bohemia strolls here, washed-up, brushed-up, smoking its longest pipes and wearing its strangest hats at a more rakish angle than usual. A group of inscrutable *café-au-lait* Japs pass to and fro under the trees, their much-too-large European clothes

quite in tune with the bizarre costumes affected by many who aim at originality. And here are commonly seen the most startling of racial combinations, a pink and white Albino walking with a coal-black type of South Africa; an Egyptian, in white turban, hand in hand with a jolly grisette in high-crowned hat and stand-up feather, her extreme skirt slashed at the left side to show her pretty leg in a lace stocking; a little, alert chestnut-brown Turk, in red fez, followed by an olive-hued haughty Spaniard with a corner of his cloak carried proudly over his left shoulder.

As the last notes of the *Hungarian Rhapsody,* which the band has been playing, die away, the grisettes rush about from group to group shaking hands or giving their cheeks in greeting to the *types* sitting or standing under the trees, busy making jokes at the expense of the *gardien* who always keeps his official eye on them. Lucille is kissed by one and given a hand-pressure by another, while a third makes room for her on the bench and a fourth, on pretense of inspecting her locket, kisses her on the throat. She takes the cigarette from Jules' mouth, and dexterously expelling the smoke through her

nostrils, after a puff or two, throws it on the ground and takes to her heels.

She rushes swiftly down an avenue of trees around which an old woman is now laboriously piling the chairs from the concert. As Lucille runs she scatters the chairs in the path of Jules, who is pursuing her, to impede his progress. Jules finally catches her and drags her back, holding her until she picks up the cigarette, lights it and places it between his lips. He then pulls her down on the bench beside him, where they sit with hands interlaced and discuss plans for spending to-morrow, the fête day of Sainte Geneviève, together.

At the tiny restaurant under the trees, girls and students are sitting, eating little stacks of crisp brown waffles, hot from the griddle in the rear, while waiters are slipping about among the tables, their hands filled with blue, green, red and amber bottles from which every one drinks a *sirop* or a bock.

The bourgeois family groups have taken seats along the *Allée des Veuves* to watch the procession of *types* who, arm in arm with their little comrades, stroll up and down after the concert is over. It is an interesting and amusing show, and Madame Bour-

geois, although she herself is straight-laced, is convulsed with laughter at a tiny black-eyed houri not over sixteen who rushes up to a *type,* seats herself on his knee, kisses him, then boxes his ears and rushes off to greet a group seated at the restaurant. Madame Bourgeois does not cavil, for she is a true *Parisienne* and looks upon the grisette as an organized institution.

A gray-bearded philosopher, too, strolling up and down with his hands clasped behind him, pauses and smiles at the childish tricks of the grisette. He has walked here in the Gardens every afternoon for eight years and knows all the grisettes by name.

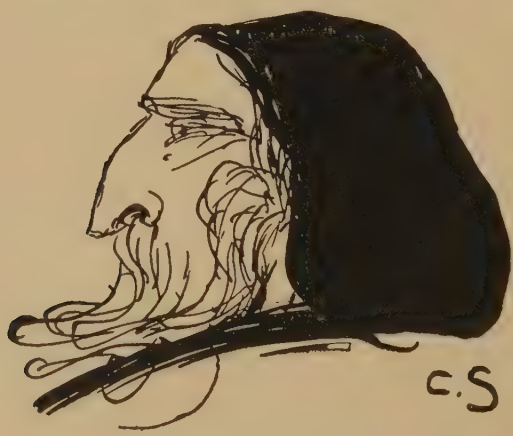
Mérovak, a poet of fame in the *Quartier,* lived three years in one of the towers of Notre Dame that he might realize Bohemia and write his sonnets in atmospheric solitude. He was a noted "original" and strolled in the Gardens arrayed in high boots, a

big black Rembrandt hat and a military cape lined with scarlet. He wore a ruffled shirt and a sword dangling at his side. He often read his poems aloud as he walked up and down.

The marble bust of Paul Verlaine, the most celebrated French Bohemian poet, was recently unveiled in the Luxembourg Gardens, and all the great litterati of France were present to do him honor. He wrote his exquisite rhymes at a little café near Notre Dame—*"Café du Soleil"*—and it was there he spent his evenings in an absinthe delirium, often waking in the morning in prison. When he was not in the café, he was in a hospital under treatment for a mortal disease. The police were always kind to him and treated him with respect, and the Bohemians of the *Quartier* adored him, for he was of the *type* called the "pure," and all France revered him deeply.

The Spanish, Russian, Roumanian and French artists all fraternize and outrival each other in their attempts at originality in dress, style of hair, length of pipes and cut of beards. All wear beards, and the variety is infinite, for although nature limited the Latin race to five-feet-five or six inches in stature, she was bountiful with hair. The budding artist of seventeen sports a heavy growth of hair on his chin, while a boy of fourteen in knee trousers is often the proud possessor of a stubby black mustache.

All of the little girls are remarkable for their luxuriant growth of hair and often Madame's most fascinating mark of beauty, according to the Frenchman's idea, is her jet-black *impériale,* in marked contrast to her white skin and rouged lips.



CHAPTER X

WOMAN TURNS THE WHEEL

AS YOU stroll along the busy streets of Paris you will notice that nearly every tenth shop is a *coiffeur, teinturerie* or *pâtisserie.*

Every conceivable tint and style of *coiffe* is exhibited on wonderful lace-draped wax figures in the one big window of the *coiffeur.* Marvelous satin and tulle gowns that have been through the more marvelous cleaning process for which Paris is world-famed, are suspended in the big plate-glass window of the *teinturerie,* and mountains of the greatest variety of little cakes ever seen in one city are temptingly and artistically arranged as to form and color in the window of the *pâtisserie.*

These three tiny shops are perhaps the busiest of all the small shops. The *coiffeuse* is a great artist

and guards well the secret of her numerous dyes, which she modifies to produce the many modish colors and shades of color which the *Parisienne* adopts for her *coiffe* to harmonize with her gowns, her eyes, or her jewels, or to produce striking contrasts.

As she never permits her hair to show gray until she has attained the age of sixty-five or seventy, it is one continual struggle against the ravages of old age and the gray hair which softens and refines it. The *Parisienne* studies minutely all the artifices of the toilet and achieves artistic results. She knows just what tint of powder is suited to her and applies it liberally. If her dye is Titian-red she uses a red-brown eye pencil, and knows the value of the rouge stick and thin veneer of enamel. She uses the same beauty soap and face cream year after year and never experiments with new productions. She pays great attention to detail and often spends two hours on her *coiffe* and face make-up.

You see very few old faces in Paris as the beauty artistes have long since arrived. They remove your old skin, not all at once, but gradually. The process requires six weeks, at the end of which time a new

skin forms as soft and pink as a baby's. During the six weeks of regeneration the suffering is as exquisitely fine as the new skin. After the new skin is grown, the *coiffeuse* proceeds to try effects with different tints of hair until a startling contrast or perfect harmony is achieved. If you have hair, that is, hair grown to your scalp, under this artiste's brush in an hour's time the dull dead color takes on the most gorgeous Titian-red, blue-black, chestnut-brown, ash or burnished-gold tint with a luster like Liberty satin.

If your hair is thin or straggling she cuts it off close to the scalp and fits to your head a simply-coifed wig which an observing person never fails to detect at a glance. It is thus that all feminine Paris holds her own against the world, in seeming youth and beauty, really startling and often ghastly effects.

Paris is conspicuous for the absence of barber shops, but there is usually a tiny room at the *coiffeuse's* given over to Monsieur, where he is shaved, tonsored, massaged and often dyed to contrast or harmonize with Madame's tints. This tonsorial artist's equipment is as crude and uncomfortable as the *coiffeuse's* is elaborate.

To save time and expense, the *grande dame* gives her negligées, blouses, guimpes, jabots, fichus and peignoirs to the *teinturière,* who puts them through a quick-clean process and returns them promptly the second day. The *teinturière* is thus a keen rival of the laundress, and often more popular, as the latter keeps articles eight days and is a trifle more expensive.

You can have a pair of long evening gloves cleaned for six cents, and a pair of short gloves for three cents. The *teinturière* is always a woman and does a rushing business. Usually she is suave and very polite. She greets you with, *"Bon jour, Madame." "Merci, Madame,"* she says as she receives your three sous, and again, *"Bon jour, Madame,"* as she opens the door for you to depart. Always wily, the French shopkeeper expends much breath and time over polite nothings which often are only a cover for her many tricks.

The *pâtisseries,* also presided over by women, do a record business every afternoon between four and five. For this is the hour when every Parisian—boulevardier, *grande dame, bonne* and child—eats his *goûter,* and the mountains of bewildering cakes

rapidly disappear. You help yourself to a plate and fork—more often a spoon, select your cakes and eat them standing, as usually the choicest cakes are displayed in the tiniest of shops. There are, however, many elaborate shops with suites of rooms and tea tables where you go from one tray to another, and

after choosing your cakes, sit down and drink indifferent tea. Although masters of so many arts, the French fail miserably when they essay tea. If you enter one of these *pâtisserie* tea-shops after the magic hour, you will find only an array of empty trays, and Madame, elaborately coifed, powdered and rouged, will greet you with her most distant manner. Her "Ma-*dame*" rings out before you have closed the door, and it never fails to annoy you and

give you quite a start. "Ma-*dame*" with snappy emphasis on the *dame* means in English, "Hurry up—choose your cakes and go." This is the one shop in all Paris you hate to patronize, and yet it always attracts you because of the tempting arrangement of the dainty fresh cakes.

These little *pâtisserie* shops are usually crowded with French people and are great money-makers, a fact that accounts for Madame's distant air and snappy tongue. With a nonchalant air, she will sound your five-franc piece on her inlaid brass plate to see if it rings true silver or falls with a dull lead thud. You may return a half-hour later with a bad two-franc piece which you discover in the change she gave you only to be told in her haughtiest manner that she never has bad money—not she, and you go away one degree wiser, promising yourself to pass it back to her a week later when her desk is surrounded with clientele and she is too rushed to inspect the money closely.

Leaving the bad money and turning again to the streets and the women workers, your attention is attracted as you stroll along by two women seated in a window, their heads bowed low over a piece of

work. They are weaving threads in and out of a square and triangle rent in a coat and skirt. You read on a sign over the window, *"A l'Art Pratique, Stoppage, Reprises Perdues."* The *stoppeuse* is the woman whose business it is to mend a rent so cleverly, no matter how jagged, that with the aid of a magnifying-glass you can not possibly detect it.

A seam is raveled and the necessary threads obtained. The pattern is found by the aid of a powerful glass and the wonder of the twentieth century is accomplished by a fine weaving in and out of threads until the hole is stopped by a square or triangle of cloth so nearly perfect that it defies detection. A rent two inches across in a chiffon cloth gown, mended, will cost you three dollars, but it really is worth fifteen or twenty dollars when an accident happens to a garment in perfect condition. The *stoppeuses* are numerous all over Paris and are always women under forty years of age. After forty they are half blind and must retire.

A little farther on you come upon an old and withered woman seated in the shade of a paper kiosk at a busy corner of the boulevard Hausseman, her hand-made laces spread over a tiny wooden rack

and her poor old trembling hands working rapidly with a dozen or more bobbins and numerous pins, which hold in place on the cushion the beautiful Point d'Alençon lace she is making. She is an artist and knows well her *métier,* for she has been making lace for forty years. She displays samples of Cluny, Bruges, and Belgium filet. There are even specimens of Brussells Point, that most intricate of all laces, in which you can see no beauty if you have been in Belgium and watched its manufacture by the old lace makers, sitting in badly lighted rooms, straining their eyes, often through two pairs of glasses, and working all day for a pittance of two francs fifty. It is only those old in experience who can master the intricate patterns of this lace, which happily is no longer the mode.

The shrewd old weather-beaten woman of the paper kiosk chats with the lace woman and keeps her business eye on the cylindrical glass house and box-booth which are completely hung over with papers, penny magazines and periodicals. Here are illustrated papers, comic and gruesome, in a bewildering mass of flaming color which always attracts the crowd. There are papers printed for all classes and

LEO DESIRE — MARS 1918
terrible assistant !!

conditions: political, industrial and economic reviews; scientific and socialistic papers; sporting and dramatic weeklies; humoristic papers and daily journals; papers with obscene jokes for the *cocotte;* penny fashion papers whose modes are copied by the clever fingers of the lady's maid; penny romances of a risqué character, which are the special delight of the *bonne* and the cook; detective stories for young boys; and stories of suicides and gruesome murders for the Apaches. The latest fashions and scandals in high life are furnished for the *grande dame* and *haute demi-mondaine.* Even the little boy of five has his illustrated papers, which he purchases for a sou at the kiosk. Everybody reads; even the daughter of the laundress peruses her penny sheet as she delivers her freshly ironed linen.

Paris swarms with women workers, the majority of whom are past middle age, many old and feeble. The chairwomen of the parks, gardens and Champs Elysées, must walk all day and collect sous from the people who spend an hour or two, morning or afternoon, under the trees, where they go to chat and watch the passing show.

The ten-centimes ticket for your chair entitles you

to a seat for the entire day and you can change about, go and come at will, provided you retain your ticket. These chairwomen usually are the widows of the common soldiers and earn two francs fifty a day. They drink wine only on Sundays and often support one or two children. On sunny days the daughter of twelve accompanies her mother in her rounds, knitting, or making lace as she walks, or, seated on a camp stool, which she carries over her arm, tends the baby in his go-cart.

These women must spend ten francs a month for shoes, which they change three times a day to rest their tired feet. The extra shoes are kept in a trap at the bottom of the big bronze street lamps.

You will see the old woman of the flower booth stationed at a popular corner where she sits the year round. She smiles and is chatty in the summer time, when the sun shines, and her booth is redolent with great bunches of red roses, tall lilies and violets, but in winter she sits inside her booth, with a black shawl wrapped across her breast. Occasionally there is a tiny brazier of charcoal at her feet, but more often she is without this little comfort. She is patient but sad at this season, for it rains very much

and is often very cold. Then she is miserable enough, looking out between her branches of varnished autumn leaves, dried grasses, bitter-sweet and holly. If her booth is located near a popular café, she does a good business, for the *Parisienne* loves flowers. The *grande dame* wears expensive orchids, and the little laundress goes tripping about with a penny bunch of violets or mimosa pinned to her blouse. No day is quite perfect in which Madame fails to receive from her favorite flower shop a fresh nosegay as a graceful compliment from her lover or particular friend. She anticipates it with as much joy as Monsieur anticipates his dinner. The student spends five sous for a bunch of flowers which he gives to his little comrade, as he kisses her au revoir until his hours are over at the Sorbonne. Armfuls of flowers are carried away from the beautiful flower markets which are a street feature twice a week in many quarters of Paris.

The flower women take possession of the streets for a week previous to All-Saints' Day, the first of November. Then you will see miles of beautiful chrysanthemums in pots, dahlias, mimosa and violets in huge bunches, arranged on shelves, one above

the other; and row after row of portable booths, completely smothered in flowers, are presided over by bareheaded old women wrapped in shawls, for the weather at this time of year is often foggy and cold.

You often see a woman attached to a cart by a harness, pulling a heavy load, while the man walks behind, cracks his whip and calls out the vegetables. It is old women who sweep the water through the gutters to cleanse them in the early morning hours; women who manage and run the small shops and markets all over Paris. There are women cab-drivers, women hod-carriers, women chauffeurs and women customs inspectors, and an army of ninety-six thousand washerwomen—*blanchisseuses*—who are a very busy though always gay people, working early and late along the banks of the Seine and in the Paris *lavoirs,* scrubbing and beating the linen of the great city.

Paris has its public *lavoirs* in every quarter. For eight sous the *laveuses* may have hot water and the use of tubs, and for thirty sous all the linen of their clientele swirled and pounded in a machine run by steam. But the greater number prefer to beat and

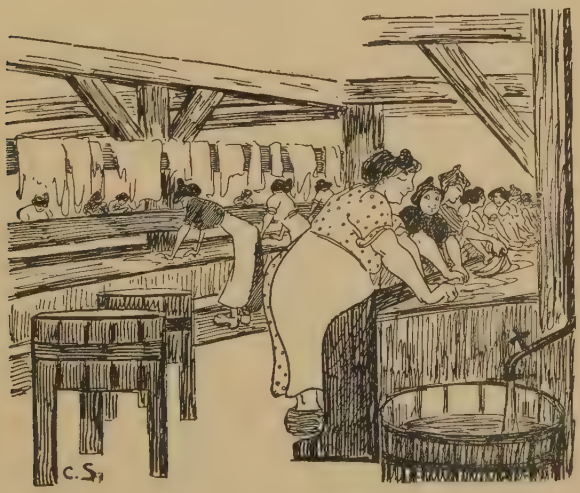
Tomb of Marie Bashkirtseff

scrub the linen with brushes as it is cheaper for them and they take eight days to wash and iron a patron's linen. Besides, it affords them better opportunity for gossip, as the tubs are arranged in double rows throughout the immense room.

The proprietor of the *lavoir* sells each a piece of soap for four sous, a bit of blue, done up in a piece of muslin, for two sous, and a bottle of javelle water —chloride of potassium—which they use in great quantities and which after a short time, causes the linen to drop to pieces.

There are from eighty to two hundred women washing, laughing, joking and singing in one big

room. The floor is covered with water, and they wear wooden shoes and stand on slat racks. The owner averages seventy-five francs net a day, and is one of the best-paid small proprietors in Paris. He is always jolly and has a pleasant word for each *laveuse,* whom he calls by name—Lorette, Jeanne or Marie. The ironing shops, *repasseuses, blanchisseuses,* are numerous all over Paris; often two and three in one street. Here six or eight expert girls, often young and good-looking, stand on spring boards in heelless slippers and iron from eight A. M. until six P. M.



There are artists among them, for to iron some of the fine lingerie of Paris requires an artist. Nothing is too intricate or too delicate in texture for them to master. They will take a soiled white chiffon and lace gown and return it to you like new. The process is a secret known only to them. There are those who iron only sleeves, others the body of a blouse, others are expert with skirts and others with collars, and still others with laces and embroideries. These specialists are paid by the piece and earn from six to eight francs a day.

A young girl who irons towels and slips earns two francs and a half a day, and an apprentice must give her services six months before she can earn one franc a day.

No matter where you go or what shop you enter, the work seems to be directed, managed and accomplished by women, until you wonder how Frenchmen occupy themselves. You see as many men riding out in limousines as women—men quite alone.

At the theaters, it is a woman who sells you your ticket, but from her you can gain no information. If you purchase your ticket in advance she will demand two francs extra from you for that privilege, and

again ten per cent. of the price of your ticket, which is supposed to go to the poor, but which I am told, the poor never receive. The opera and many of the theaters are government institutions, and in that fact is found the reason why one seldom hears good opera and is continually annoyed by an army of *ouvreuses.*

When you arrive at the theater, a man in uniform, who opens your cab door, blocks the way until you give him two sous. In the lobby, a boy with programs bawls at you. You buy one for five sous, and then take your place in line to await your turn of having your ticket inspected by the three silk-hatted men in evening clothes who are seated behind a long narrow desk. One receives and observes your ticket and passes it to his neighbor, who writes down the number. He in turn passes it to the third man who makes a few inaudible remarks and returns it to you. You then are ready to pass into the *"chère" ouvreuse's* hands, the advance guard of whom calls out to you, *"Débarrassez-vous au vestiaire, Messieurs—Dames!!!"*

You move along and another one calls to you, *"Votre chapeau, Madame"*; another, *"Votre man-*

teau, Madame," and still another tells you, *"Je vais conduire Madame à sa place."* If you have paid her in advance, which naturally you did while you had space to move in, she will leave you half-way, point to your seat in a vague manner, and hurry off to gather up another five sous from a newcomer.

After getting yourself nicely fitted into the uncomfortable seat you are requested by a very indignant Frenchman to move. He tells you you are occupying his seat, although it is a mystery to you how he knows the seat belongs to him as you can see no number corresponding to his coupon. He is French, however, and must know, so you move two seats farther on, and again adjust yourself to the cramped space, when you see that smiling rose-bedecked *ouvreuse* piloting a man toward you. The man she thought would prove worth while, so she brings him all the way and tells you, *"Mais, Madame, j'ai dit le septième à gauche."* Of course, you have slid into the *neuvième* and are compelled to move again.

In the middle of the first act, another rose-capped nuisance appears, and smilingly insists in putting under your feet a stool which you do not want, but

which she calmly proceeds to place. Then you must rearrange yourself all over again, because you are sitting on your purse and she is waiting for sous. You calmly smile back at her, for every one near you

is gaping at you, and you are trying desperately to be *comme il faut.*

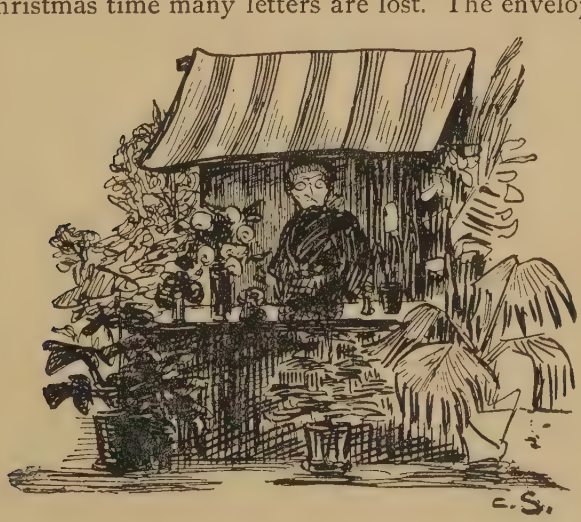
Long before the play is over, you are in a semi-conscious stupor from the bad air and overpowering perfumes of every variety which always envelop a French audience. French theaters are badly venti-

lated and, with a few modern exceptions, uncomfortable. The clack nuisance is still in vogue. The internal service of the theater is sold to the highest bidder, who in turn demands from two to three francs a day from each *ouvreuse,* for the right to annoy the public, out of whom each *ouvreuse* succeeds in making from seven to eight francs every evening.

It is usually a woman who ignores your request for stamps in the numerous demi-post-offices in every quarter. She will continue with her co-worker her conversation about last night's amusement, assuming that you do not understand French. You renew your request for stamps and finally she will tell you in an impudent way that she does not

occupy herself with the selling of stamps. It is always difficult to know just who does occupy himself with the selling of stamps, in these dingy dirty sub-offices, where the nervous, perspiring or freezing employees stare at you blankly, and wait upon you when they feel so inclined. Often an ex-cook or maid, through the influence of a friend in the post-office, will be given a position without even the form of an examination.

This untrained service results badly. You never can be sure that a letter will reach its destination unless it is registered or is a *pneumatique*. At Christmas time many letters are lost. The envelopes



are opened; the contents, often a trifling gift or hand-decorated card, are extracted, and if it is too much trouble to seal the letter again, it is torn up and thrown aside. If you complain to the postal authorities they will tell you they are not responsible for careless or dishonest employees. Postal reforms in France never will be effective until the employees can have more space to work in, good ventilation and sanitary conditions, and until the postal officials put in operation a system whereby the wholesale rifling of letters can be traced to the guilty persons.

The carrier of the registered mail is quite different from the daily *facteur*. He wears more gold braid and fairly bristles with importance. If you are ill in bed and give a friend permission to sign for you he will not consent. He insists upon seeing you. He then must be assured that you are yourself, and you must prove in some way that you are

not some one else before he will give you the official book to sign. He often wears a medal of some sort and scorns tribute under a franc.

During the post carriers' strike in Paris three or four years ago, the most changeable government, and at the same time the most resourceful in the world, called the soldiers to take the place of the striking *facteurs*. The result was that no one received his mail regularly so long as the strike lasted. The soldiers either could not read the addresses or they got tired of their long routes and deliberately tore up the mail and threw it into the gutters, where the old women swept it along in the running water, down the wide mouths of the sewers, while the soldiers refreshed themselves with bocks at the cafés along the route.

You can buy stamps in all the tobacco shops, and there is usually one on every other corner. You can mail letters outside of the sub-offices and now and then on an avenue if you are initiated into the mysterious ways of the deftly-hidden post-boxes, which are small and flat, painted coal-black and nailed to an equally black post. You may pass and repass these boxes, and if by chance you see one, it will never occur to you that it is a post-box, for you have

in mind a big cardinal-red or green iron box posted up at one side of a street lamp marked in plain letters "U. S. Mail". Just why Americans expect to find American postal conveniences in Latin France is a mystery—but they do.

Many of the most expert workers in the postal service are women, and without them the service would be even worse than it is. Paris has a greater number of women workers than any other city. The women take the lead in social and domestic affairs and many of them a leading part in shaping business and politics. Indeed, it is the women who make Paris what it is, who keep things moving—who, in short, make the wheels go round.

CHAPTER XI

PARIS IN MAY

Paris is a paradise in the spring—when the sun shines and the sky is Italian blue; when the trees in the wide avenues are in leaf and bud, and the gardens and parks are brilliant with variegated flowers; when the streets are gay with bunches of flags pendent from tall poles, over the announcement of the Salon exhibition, and the innumerable street fairs, the dog show, flower fête and automobile show are being held; when the café *terrasse* audiences wax critical of the street show in the latest mode, and the races are on at Longchamp, and the French Derby is being run at Chantilly; when the rulers of Europe, grand dukes and eastern potentates, with their tame lions, are seen driving in the Champs Elysées; when café life in the Bois blossoms forth and the chic *Parisiennes* step out of winter garb into exquisite new creations; when life along the banks of the murky serpentine Seine is active, and the *petits bateaux mouches* scurry up and down laden

with gay and happy people going to the country for the day; when all Paris exhales joy, gaiety and love, for the *Parisienne* and amour walk *bras-dessus, bras-dessous* and hand in hand; when the thousands of balconies are brilliant with awnings, birds, flowers, and vines, and the dainty Mimi Pinsons are flitting about; when the long-haired poet, in wide velvet trousers and green neck-scarf, comes down from Montmartre to read his sonnets in the avenue du Bois, and numerous air-ships are circling the Tour Eiffel; when the *cochers* don their spring khaki, white varnished hats and scarlet waistcoats; when troops of soldiers in their blue and red uniforms are passing and repassing and squads of cuirassiers, in shining brass helmets and breastplates, trot briskly by; when the *haute monde* is promenading under the trees with toy dogs in jackets, bells and ribbons; when the picturesque Alsatian and Normandy *bonnes,* with the most adorable babies and most fascinating children in the world, are sitting or playing under the trees in the Champs Elysées!

Now, in the month of May, one sees the real Paris —the Mecca of the world for all that is beautiful, gay, chic and happy.

Children's Booth

One understands why the working Parisian is satisfied with his Paris. It is beautiful and its beauties are free for him to enjoy. He appreciates it and has his own personal pride in the wide tree-lined avenues, the noble architecture, and wonderful monuments, the miles of pictures and the numerous museums. Although born and bred in this atmosphere of beauty and art, he never wearies of it—it is ever new and interesting to him.

It is this appreciative Parisian who has children, loves his dog last, lives en famille, and spends his Sundays and fête days in the country with his family, carrying the lunch basket for a picnic under the sweet-smelling pines. He returns in the evening tired, but happy, he and his wife each carrying a worn-out sleepy child while the older children pack the lunch basket and push the baby cart. It is to this hard-working appreciative bourgeois class that La Belle France must look for her future posterity.

It is the fashion to drive, ride and promenade in the Bois between ten and eleven in the morning. At this hour all fashionable Paris is abroad in smart walking costume.

The motors and carriages stop inside the Porte-Dauphine, and the celebrity of the opera and theater, the *grande dame* and the *haute demi-mondaine,* with their dogs, get out and promenade slowly in the avenue to the left, to see and be seen. Distinguished officers in sky-blue and scarlet uniforms, riding sleek prancing horses, turn into the bridle *allée* at the right, while the *bonnes* in their gray and scarlet capes and beribboned caps, follow down the tree-lined avenue, pushing the high white perambulators and babies, and the little girls in peach-basket hats hold up their finger-length embroidered skirts, for even these mites are imbued with the true Parisian spirit.

Young men in English shooting clothes saunter along, accompanied by three or four fine bird dogs. Monsieur walks arm in arm with his tall daughter of twelve who looks down upon him as she talks, for nearly all the children of to-day tower above their *petits pères.*

You follow the procession to its objective point, the Lac Inférieur, circled by a beautifully shaded walk, with many chairs and benches along the border. The *grandes dames* seat themselves for a chat,

while the celebrities of the theatrical and half-world, stroll about with their toy dogs and display their smart gowns.

The children play games under the trees; the *bonne* takes the baby out of his cart, and by the assistance of a white-silk-knitted harness, he toddles a few steps, she holding him up by the reins. All the while through the trees on the drive beyond, you hear the subdued murmur of the champing bubbling motors awaiting the pleasure of the folk of fashion. In contrast a half-dozen men are lounging along the shore of the lake trying their luck with the rod.

It is all wonderfully peaceful and beautiful and not unlike a French resort in miniature—the limpid water with the floating ducks and graceful swans; the pretty boat-houses hung with flags; the gaily painted boats against a background of vivid emerald green; the splashes of red, white and mauve of the gowns and parasols; the wistful tiny dogs in their gay jackets frisking about; the wood-green island in the center of the lake with its flag-bedecked restaurant and flower hedges gleaming through the mass of green shrubbery and tall trees, together with

the picturesque old woman walking from group to group with her big tray of bread strapped round her neck, selling to the children for a sou pieces which they throw on the water to the swans,—all this contributes toward a charming restful picture on a sunny spring morning.

At five o'clock, on a May afternoon, it is interesting to take a chair under the trees in the Champs Elysées, just opposite the Grand Palais, and feast your eyes on the wonderful vista of architecture and sculpture, extending across the magnificent Pont Alexander III, on to the gilded dome of the Invalides, which finally obscures the horizon, making one of the grandest perspectives to be seen in the world.

At this hour all fashionable Paris is passing and repassing on wheels, as, indeed, is pretty much all the fashion of Europe, for republican Paris is the pivotal point for all Europe in the spring. A luxurious victoria passes with a little old white-haired woman and a snow-white French poodle sitting up very proudly in the seat beside her. Beautifully-appointed carriages drawn by high-stepping perfectly-matched horses trot briskly by. Smart carts

are driven by Englishmen, with the grooms in the rumble. There are hundreds of swiftly-moving motors, ivory, violet, gray, yellow, scarlet and marine-blue. You catch only splashes of color and glimpses of gowns as they dash by without order or care and with many hair-breadth escapes.

The benches and the hundreds of chairs are all occupied at this hour. Beautifully-gowned women, with men in silk hats, short coats and absurd waistcoats, are seated in groups chatting and holding the dogs by the leash. Children in short lace frocks are playing in the sand heaps, astride the horses of the merry-go-rounds, driving up and down in the goat carts, or seated on tiny benches under the trees watching the Punch and Judy show, while the *bonnes* sit near by gossiping, knitting and guarding the babies.

The smiling old women of the children's booth do a thriving business, for besides the hoops, mills, balls and diabolos, they have little stacks of *croissants* and *petits pains,* ginger cakes, chocolate and pop which they dispose of for the children's *petit goûter.*

You will often see Madame in her chic gown, also

In the Bois

Monsieur, *sans-gêne,* nibbling at a big piece of dry bread, alternating each bite with a bite of chocolate, which the *bonne* produces from her deep sack. Often the *bonne* carries two or three camp chairs across the handle of the perambulator, for a wire chair in the avenue costs ten centimes and twenty or thirty centimes a day is an item in Madame's economies.

After the races at St. Cloud or Longchamp, the gay race world rendezvous at the restaurants Armenonville and Madrid in the Bois where they drown their losses in a cup of weak tea, talk over the favorite that came in third, inspect more closely one another's gowns, and listen for an hour to the red and gold-uniformed band among the green palms in the mirrored inner court.

The Frenchman who follows the races is quite another genre from his brother boulevardier. He is often younger, wears only a mustache, is better-looking, taller, wears correct English clothes and is very polite. He has retained his polish but he always stares with interest.

A woman in a fetching Suzanne Talbot hat, wear-

ing a black satin gown slashed on the left side, showing a yellow panel embroidered in black, is met half-way in the court by two men who kiss her hand and lead the way to a table. Everybody observes the gown in detail and pronounces it *"Chic, n'est-ce-pas?"* Suddenly you hear a charmingly-gowned woman exclaim to a friend seated at a table: *"Mais, mon Dieu, regardez!"* You follow the direction of her eyes, and see another equally attractive woman approaching a table, accompanied by two English-looking Frenchmen and arrayed in a gown matching in color and detail the one worn by the woman just seated. You hear many subdued *"Ah's! Hélas! c'est toujours comme ça"* among the teacups.

You can hardly believe your eyes, but a little later another chic woman strolls in, in a facsimile gown, although she is quite unconscious of the existence of another such in all Paris. Everybody is quite scandalized at this third gown, and, *"Oh! là, là, encore une troisième; c'est stupide ça,"* is audible on all sides, and a magpie chatter is kept up under cover of *Il m'aime beaucoup,* which the band is playing.

Now all eyes turn toward the entrance as the

Prince and Princess G—

graceful and beautiful *Princesse* G—— enters, wearing a black charmeuse coat with wide revers of white chiffon velvet, a big black hat covered with white paradise feathers, and carrying a black and white parasol. She is accompanied by the adoring boy prince. Ten years ago the *princesse* was pronounced the most beautiful woman in the world; to-day she is just as beautiful. Her hair is the same anthracite-coal-black; her dark velvet eyes enhance the creamy tint of her skin, and she has lost none of her gliding gracefulness. You can understand the worship in the eyes of the boy prince who sacrificed family and country for her.

The *grandes dames* envy her, copy her gowns and show themselves at her musicales and garden parties

—for the moral fence in fashionable Paris is not formidable and is always climbed over gracefully. All Paris is tolerant of the half-world. To say that the *demi-mondaine* plays a most important rôle is not exaggeration. Like the boulevardier, she is omnipresent. Live in what avenue or street you may, she is just above you or below you, or her hotel is next door to your hotel.

She often carries the title of *baronne* or *comtesse,* for she wins her way by seductive graces, charm of manner and savoir-faire. Now and then the *grande dame* exchanges confidences with her about her own husband who has become derelict.

They meet at garden parties and musicales and, side by side, often discuss the merit or demerit of the

latest new model at Paquin's or Worth's. They dine vis-à-vis at the Ritz and touch elbows at the Salle Gaveau and opera where the lorgnettes are all focussed upon this sumptuous queen of the half-world. Only a little step intervenes between this celebrity and the *grande dame,* since the latter never wishes to be distinguished from her in grace, chic, or clothes; to be so would be to her own loss.

It is these graceful Camilles who maintain the fashions and often create them. The great dressmakers vie with each other in constructing original gowns for them. They are accorded high rank and are never *déclassée* as in England and America; they belong to a society here in Paris which stands out like a bas-relief. They have the most expensive toy dogs, the smartest limousines and carriages, the best-trained servants and often the finest establishments, and they are the most envied and admired as they

bowl along the Champs Elysées at the fashionable hour, en route to the Bois.

A clever boy of twelve, walking with you in the avenue du Bois, will tell you that a fashionably-gowned woman whom you see passing, accompanied by a man, is not the man's wife and then will proceed to tell you who and what she is and how you can distinguish the difference. A little baby boy of four, a darling in curls with roguish eyes, will tell a young lady who has lifted her skirt to tie her shoe, that he sees her beautiful leg—*belle jambe*.

It is simply the call of the blood crying out this early. Often it is the mother who selects the furniture and arranges the first ménage for her son —when he has arrived at a certain age—in a little *coquet appartement* in some quiet street in Paris.

Here she writes out an agreement which is signed by a healthy naive young girl whom she has found in the country or who is apprenticed to a modiste.

She installs her son here, as she considers this the best method to pursue and will frankly tell you it is necessary to the preservation of her son's happiness and health. The son adores his mother and goes every day to walk or ride with her.

When the question of marriage becomes a serious one, the girl is paid the sum agreed upon. She returns to her home and with this dot is able to contract a marriage with a man of her own class.

The *grande dame* often entertains one of Monsieur's favorites at dinner, for in not a few ménages, it is Monsieur who dictates and is obeyed. It is often Monsieur who accompanies Madame to the dressmakers to choose a gown. He will select the material and the model, say what will look well, and what he will pay. Madame looks on with a disinterested air and nods an indifferent approval.

One can only account for Monsieur's meddling with what should not concern him on the theory that Madame's exquisite taste is too expensive for Monsieur's pocketbook.

CHAPTER XII

HOUSEKEEPING

HOUSEKEEPING in Paris is always fascinating and a very simple matter, if you do not mind the impudence of the concierge and can cope with her Mephisto-like tricks. She is often the one dark spot in the brilliant sunshine.

She is the inevitable feature of every apartment house. Why the Parisian submits to such autocratic service is a mystery. She is located with her husband and often one or two children in two rooms at the right or left of the entrance. She sees every one who goes in and out and knows every move on your private chess-board. She is familiar even with your garbage, which she pokes over and comments on to the maids as an indication of your extravagance. She knows how much meat you eat and just how often it is veal or chicken, and whether you pay one

franc fifty a dozen for eggs or buy the *œuf du jour* at three francs. She knows who your friends are and does not hesitate to insult them. She looks over your correspondence and recommends the laundress of her acquaintance.

When you return late from the theater you ring and after a time she opens the door by pulling a cord or touching a button near her bed. If she has something against you—and you never know just when she has—she will recognise your ring and let you stand in the cold or rain while she speculates on how many times you have been out that week, and deciding you have been out too much, she will let you wait another five minutes while you continue your ringing.

When you finally enter, you find yourself in total darkness. The doors are locked at eleven, often half after ten, and the lights are out. You stumble up one, two or three flights of stairs, according to the *étage* in which you live—for if there is a lift it is usually resting at the top of the fifth floor, and you climb the stairs to save time and trouble. To emphasise the fact that you are in her bad graces, she will hold your next day's mail till night.

Should a friend call after ten A. M. carrying a home-made cake for you, the concierge will spring out of her door and order your friend up the *escalier de service*. If your friend defies her and enters the grand stairway she heaps upon her French insults and cuts one more notch in her stick against you. To such an extent is this abuse of visitors carried, that a lady remarked the other day, "I am glad it is my friends she insults and not me, as they come only occasionally."

The concierge is the scandal-monger of Paris, and the concierge system is a little blackmailing scheme to which you pay tribute according to the amount of your rent. If your tribute is worth while, and she can find nothing against you, she will beam on you in a superior way every time you go in and out, a practise which is even more exasperating than her insults. However, experience teaches that it is best to pay the tribute, smile, chat, admire the cat, kiss the children, ignore the insults to your friends and live in the *liberté, égalité, fraternité* atmosphere which the Parisian exhales only with his concierge. You are completely at her mercy and she can annoy you in a thousand ways, as everything goes through

her hands. The Parisian, who pays half what the foreigner pays, is wise. He hates the system, but since he has never known any other, he smiles philosophically, is amiable and often kisses his concierge on both cheeks with a great show of *entente cordiale* when he leaves his birds with her, before starting on his big journey—a matter of two or three hours by train—for his summer outing.

Now and then you have a concierge whom the French designate as *gentille,* but with the best of them you always feel like a thief sneaking in and out of your own house, hoping that this time, at least, you will escape her sharp eyes. But you never do—if she is not outside in the court, she is peeking through her large-mesh lace curtains at you.

A concierge near the Bois died recently of heart disease caused from intense anger, because a gentleman, escorting an American lady to her apartment, left the outside door unlatched. This was done to save trouble as he expected to go out again immediately. The concierge ran out into the passage and screamed at him with such fury that she dropped dead. When the gentleman came out he stumbled over the body of the concierge and he, too, nearly

Bread Boy

dropped dead—but from fright. The next day the authorities tried to fix the blame of the concierge's death on him, and it took an American lawyer to convince them of his innocence.

Yet in spite of the concierge, if you come to Paris for six months, or a year or two, housekeeping is always more enjoyable and interesting than living in pensions or hotels. If you rent from the proprietor, you pay your rent for three months in advance—also your tribute to the concierge. The fifteenth of January, April, July and October are the dates for moving in and out and paying your rent. Notice to leave must be given six months in advance when there is a lease, and three months where there is none.

But you can often rent an apartment belonging to an Englishman or an American, making your arrangements with him and paying your rent direct to his agent and thus escape much fuss and trouble.

If you want to see the real French side of Paris, take a furnished apartment in the Latin Quarter. Here you can have a snug apartment, belonging to an American, for six months or a year, for fifty dollars a month, linen, silver, and china included.

Every room in this apartment is flooded with sunshine at some time during the day—even the kitchen, which is unusual in apartments even in America. You have good air, no dust, no flies, spiders or mosquitoes—not even a mouse. You climb stairs to be sure, but the stairs are easy and the climbing splendid exercise. On each stairway is a sunny stained-glass window, which opens only to the touch of the concierge. You have an entrance hall, salon and dining-room en suite, with triple glass doors and paneled walls, fireplaces and big mirrors. Your triple windows open, French fashion, on a long stone balcony, which by the aid of awnings, dwarf trees and flowers, you convert into a tea *terrasse*. You have two sleeping rooms and two rooms in the sixth *étage* for maids, three closets, a trunk-room, lavatory, and a tiny pink and blue tiled kitchen hung around with shining copper cooking utensils. A gauze wire-box is built out of the window in which is kept the food for the day.

No French kitchen has cooked food left over. You have a small refrigerator, although French families never use ice. Everything is purchased in the morning for the day only and every morsel is

consumed. This is French economy. Nothing is thrown out but the bones, and they go only after they have done double service.

The French really live from hand to mouth. This is made possible and easy, for in nearly every street is a butcher, a baker, a milk, butter and cheese shop, a vegetable shop and a grocer. In addition, twice a week in every quarter a market is held where you buy everything needed. The cook in moderate apartments is usually a *bonne à tout faire,* which means that she does everything from marketing, running errands, cooking, polishing floors, dusting rugs, caring for the boots and often the mending. You pay her twelve dollars a month and she is usually a good cook, extremely curious, but often honest and faithful.

Two people can live nicely in an apartment of this kind on one hundred and fifty dollars a month, entertain their friends in a modest way and always have quantities of beautiful flowers for decoration.

In Paris one does not ask how much money you have—money does not count. It is your personality, your seriousness in what you are doing and your amiability and tact. You can live in a small apart-

ment of this kind, and the American consul general and his wife will deem it a pleasure to climb your stairs to assist at one of your musical teas. You can surround yourself with artistic, musical and literary people, create an atmosphere and make your little

The Concierge

salon attractive and popular—it all depends upon you and your personality.

This morning, the first of May, I went with my *femme de ménage*—who comes in for eight cents an hour—to see the market a few steps from my

apartment on the boulevard Edgar Quinet, where she purchased a pound of delicious strawberries for twelve cents, a bunch of large white asparagus for ten cents, a head of romaine for salad, six cents; Spanish oranges—the red kind—three cents, two pounds of new potatoes, six cents; and a pound of button mushrooms for fifteen cents.

All vegetables are excellent, fresh, crisp and very cheap; but you pay forty-five and fifty cents a pound for good butter, seventy-five cents a pound for fillet of beef, twelve and a half cents each for lamb chops; the *pré salé* chops, fifteen cents. Strictly fresh eggs, *œuf du jour*, are always sixty cents a dozen, but there are four or five doubtful grades known as the *à la coq*, *moyen-coq*, *demi-coq*, and so forth, ranging in price from thirty to forty cents. Good coffee is fifty and sixty cents a pound, although tea is reasonable because Lipton has made it so. Bananas are small, inferior and expensive. You get hygienic milk in sealed bottles from a society called "Maggi" which has its white marble and white enameled shops all over Paris.

You can have a liter of Munich beer or a bottle of red wine, *vin ordinaire*, for eight cents. Chickens

and game are reasonable and rabbits, of which the middle class eat many, are very cheap. This cuisine is varied by prime steaks of departed cab horses or mules of whose meat an enormous quantity is consumed.

Of the fifty thousand cab horses in Paris, twelve years ago only about seven thousand remain. The others have been pushed out of commission by the motors and eaten by the masses. You often see in the window of the horse butcher shop the brass disk *"Occasion"* pinned to a prime mule steak, which announces a bargain at greatly reduced price. It is forbidden to sell horse or mule meat at any of the street markets or in shops where beef or mutton is sold. Inspectors often condemn and seize thousands of pounds of meat on the markets in one day in summer, as no ice is used and the meat is carried from one market to another and exposed all day.

The butcher shops are very small, but usually neat and often dainty. In summer they are decorated with flowers and foliage plants and are wide open to the street. The open spaces are hung with legs of mutton or lamb in lace-frilled paper pantalettes caught up at one side, in Parisian fashion,

with a rose or small bunch of violets. A brass disk is pinned to each leg announcing the price. The ghastly mask of a skinned calf's head is hung up by one ear and a rose drawn through its nose.

The butcher is a very red-faced individual with knives and chains hanging to his waist, and he wears a smeary apron which is the one blot on this otherwise wholesome-looking shop. However, he is mild of speech and very accommodating. And while you make your selection Madame, elaborately coifed, in her glass box at the desk behind you, is calculating to a nicety on how many pieces of bad money she can safely mix with the change she gives you in exchange for your gold piece.

It is the rule, and not the exception, in the small shops all over Paris to hand out bad money to the stranger. Often in changing a fifty-franc note after you have bought a trifle which costs fifty centimes, the shopkeeper will try to give you forty-four francs and a fifty centime piece, thinking you will not notice you are five francs short, since she has given you a fifty centime piece in your change. However, you learn after one or two experiences to become as keen as your French neighbor, whom

you often see bite the franc piece if she is in doubt about its silver quality.

Only a month since, a half-dozen counterfeiters successfully put into circulation forty thousand francs in five and two-franc pieces and the government made no effort to collect them in. The result of

these practises is that one is rarely without one of these pieces of bad money.

It has been estimated that were all the bad money floating in Paris melted and converted into cartridges it would make several million rounds of ammunition. The giving out of bad money at the railway stations, sub-post-offices and even banks amounts to a scandal.

The American physicians here pronounce the milk

received in rusty cans by the small creameries unfit for use. It is poured from these cans into an open receptacle, which stands on the floor during the day, to be peddled out from time to time to customers. These tiny creameries also have mountainous lumps of butter exposed to the dust or whatever is floating in the air. The butter is cut off with a string and whatever overbalances the scale is broken off with the fingers and tossed back. Everything is handled and patted, turned over and patted again. You often see the big Angora cat taking a nap in the window near the big cheese or stretched at full length among the vegetables.

The cat is to the concierge and small shopkeeper what the toy dog is to the *grande dame*. Frequently you see the big cat looking out of the open window of a cab on Sunday, or occupying a seat on one of the little Seine boats going with the family to the country for the day. As the cat is often trained to live in the fourth or fifth *étage,* this Sunday outing is a necessity and is enjoyed and looked forward to.

Often you will see the cat walk in from the court and lick the shining crust of the metre-length bread standing on end at the door of the concierge. But

even the cat does not escape her sharp eyes—*"Qu'est-ce que tu fais là-bas, ma grosse Fifi?"* and the cat and bread are snatched up and deposited on her table. Fifi sits at the table, often on the table, and eats from the same plate with the concierge. There are no mice in Paris, because there are more cats and dogs than children.

The Parisian is very kind to all animals except the horse. This poor intelligent beast is cruelly treated and poorly fed. It is a relief to know that over forty thousand of them have been eaten and are out of their misery.

CHAPTER XIII

NAPOLEON

IT IS the fifth of May, 1912—and though dead ninety-one years, Napoleon lives and breathes in the Paris atmosphere of to-day.

He is first in the minds of every stranger who visits Paris, except, perhaps, the English. The Paris of Napoleon! You see him everywhere, cast in bronze, sculptured in marble and stone, molded in plaster, carved in ivory, gold, silver, wood and bone. Great artists are continually painting new and wonderful pictures of him on battle-fields, which are exhibited in art-shop windows and always surrounded by interested crowds. His head, covered with the world-famed *sou-bras* hat, decorates calendars, menu and favor cards and represents chess-men in carved ivory, and the hat is folded into pen-wipers. There are Napoleon paper-weights and paper-

NAPOLÉON Ier

Empereur des Français, Roi d'Italie
Né à Ajaccio le 15 Août 1769.
fils de Charles Bonaparte et Lœtitia Rammolino, il entra
à l'école d'Autun, puis à l'école de Brienne (1779)
à l'école Militaire (1784), Sous-Lieutenant en 1785,
Capitaine (1793), Général de Brigade (1794), Divisionnaire
(1795) et Général de l'armée d'Italie (29 Février 1796).
Renverse le Directoire le 18 Brumaire (9 Novembre 1799)
Se fait nommer Premier Consul, puis Consul à vie (1803)
Sacré Empereur le 18 Mai 1804 sous le nom de Napoléon Ier;
il abdique à Fontainebleau le 10 Avril 1814 et se
retire à l'Ile d'Elbe. Rentré en France le 1er Mars 1815,
mais vaincu à Waterloo il se rend aux Anglais, est emmené
à Sainte-Hélène où il meurt le 5 Mai 1821.

knives, medals, letter-openers, and plates in all metals—snuff-boxes, match-boxes and cigarette-cases in colored enamels—miniature bisque figures in big boots and gray coat. Every tourist carries away with him a reminder of Napoleon. Fifteen years ago Paris was flooded with souvenirs, to-day there are just as many and they are even more popular.

There are grand reviews being given at the theaters—"Napoleon Distributing the Légion d'Honneur"—an order he created; "Napoleon Reviewing the Soldiers" and "Napoleon Crossing the Alps". The battle of Marengo is being fought again at the Odéon to packed houses, while the battle of Rivoli is in progress at the Châtelet.

The French peasant reveres Napoleon's name, the shopkeeper acknowledges him as France's greatest and most just ruler, and all soldiers love his memory.

If you go to the Hotel des Invalides and watch the visitors you will notice that they all hurry by the statue of Louis XIV., the founder of the Invalides, without even a glance. Their objective point is Napoleon's tomb, under the big dome and then the rooms of the Musée, in which are his personal be-

longings. Nothing else is of great interest, and as they approach the tomb all seem deeply moved by the solemnity and grandeur of the scene. Men and little boys instinctively remove their hats. Some young provincial soldiers on their first visit to Paris are standing near the marble railing, gazing down in speechless wonder and profound reverence, and as they turn away tears fill their eyes. One can not define the feeling that wells up in the heart of the thinking visitor as he looks upon this sumptuous sarcophagus and dwells upon the remarkable history of this genius. One is deeply affected; the atmosphere is awesome.

As you gaze down upon the numerous memorials of his wonderful victories on the battle-field, they bring vividly before you Napoleon as a poor, proud, friendless boy of sixteen at the military school in Paris. Then you see him walking rapidly along the quay on that tenth of August, when the mob rushed on the Tuileries, impatient that there is no *man* to command that poor Swiss guard and conquer the fierce rabble. You see him raising the siege of Toulon, driving the English out of the harbor, and then made a general of brigade at twenty-four;

again you see him putting down that same mob in the streets of Paris; you see him cutting his way across the snow-covered icy Alps and taking command of the army of Italy at twenty-seven; you see him crossing the terrible bridge of Lodi into the very cannon's mouth with the flag in his hand; you see him before the majestic pyramids of Egypt; you see him on the victorious battle-fields of Marengo, Rivoli, Jena, Ulm, Friedland, Wagram and Austerlitz.

You see him in Russia, watching the burning of Moscow by the Russians, then making his terrible deadly retreat at the mercy of the elements which his genius could not conquer. You see him at Elba. You see him again land on the shores of France, and with the very soldiers sent out by Louis XVIII. to capture him, retake France by the mere force of his genius, his wonderful personality and the love which he inspired in all soldiers.

St. Helena

You see him at Waterloo where chance and fate were in league against him. You see him, for the last time, as England's prisoner on the sunburnt rock of St. Helena, eighteen hundred feet above the sea, where he meditated and suffered for six years until death released him. Then you see the most gorgeous and marvelous funeral spectacle of modern times conveying his ashes for final rest under the great gilded dome, in fulfilment of his last message to France:

"Je desire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine au milieu de ce peuple français que j'ai tant aimé."

The Musée Historique is full of memories and interesting souvenirs of Napoleon and his brave marshals for whom many avenues in Paris have been

named. In one room is the little Arabian horse given him by the sultan of Turkey; the dog that was his faithful friend at Elba and his famous *sou-bras* hat —just a year ago so much the fashion for women. Here, too, are his renowned gray coat and the field-glass that he often rested on the shoulder of one of his marshals as he surveyed the field of battle.

In another room, in a glass case, is the simple camp-bed used in all his campaigns, his dressing-gown and the table cut full of notches with his pen-knife while meditating at Saint Helena. Here is his favorite settee with one stick in the back removed that he might pass his arm through and be more comfortable while he sat, ever gazing out over the vast Atlantic toward France.

In a glass case in the center of one room is a lock of his hair, his lorgnettes, death-mask and a cast of his beautiful hand. Here, too, are other souvenirs: the bullet that wounded him in the foot at Ratisbon, his silver and diamond-studded pistols and sword, the flag, stick and hat he used at Saint Helena, the railings from his tomb, a model of the Saint Helena sarcophagus, an oak leaf from the tree he planted, and dozens of other most intimate souvenirs.

At Austerlitz

The sight of the Longwood house, in which he lived during the six years of his imprisonment, should make his most relentless enemy shed tears at the thought of his dying so far from the country he so much loved, denied even a last look upon his son whom he adored, irritated by a thousand petty annoyances in his cramped household. It was all monstrous and brutal. And yet his martyrdom at Saint Helena was a unique revenge for France against victorious England, and added to his fame.

It is extraordinary that England should keep Napoleon's favorite armchair and the skeleton of his horse, Marengo, on exhibition in London's Whitehall Museum, for by right they belong, among the other personal souvenirs, to the Invalides. One can but wonder why a nation so magnanimous in other matters should not speedily return these historical souvenirs to France.

At the entrance of the corridor leading to the dome under which reposes the sarcophagus, stands a very straight, white-haired old man* of eighty years, buttoned up in his military coat, decorated with two silver medals won at Sebastopol in 1855, who calls out to the crowds as they enter, "*Messieurs*

*Since dead.

et Mesdames, laissez vos cannes et vos parapluies à gauche, s'il vous plait." He is the senior of the thirteen old soldier pensioners now left in the Invalides.

Parisians show great respect and affection for the dead. They pour out en masse to the various cemeteries on All-Saints' Day and the tombs disappear beneath floral blankets and wreaths of choice flowers. The interiors of the tombs are often decorated with carpets of carnations, bordered with violets, while the tiny altars are massed with variegated chrysanthemums. Every Parisian calls at the tomb of his dead friend and leaves a visiting card and a bunch of flowers or a wreath.

The modest grave of Marshal Ney—the "bravest of the brave", as Napoleon called him—is quite neglected, while the grave of Heinrich Heine is always covered with flowers, for the illustrous German poet has many admirers in Paris. The graves, too, of Victor Masset, Jules Simon, Alfred de Musset, Offenbach, Talma and many other celebrities, are never forgotten.

The tomb of little Marie Bashkirtseff, in the Passy

cemetery back of the Trocadéro, is tawdry and spacious. On one side between a row of carved palettes and gold roses is inscribed the following beautiful verse by André Theuriet:

"O Marie, o lys blanc, radieuse beauté
Ton etre entier n'a pas sombre dans la nuit noir;
Ton ésprit est vivant, vibrante est ta memoire
Et l'immortel parfum de la fleur est reste.
* * * * * *
Son nom est immortel et luit comme un flambeau dans les siécles.
J'entende sa mémoire bénis, car il a tant produit son précoce génie,
Que tous les arts en deuil pleurent sur son tombeau."

The interior of the tomb is filled with personal belongings. Opposite the big iron-grilled door is a large unfinished painting which covers one side of the wall. Below it is a dressing-table with white muslin cover and two candle-sticks with the candles half used. There is a photograph of Marie in a gilt frame, her prayer-rug, favorite armchair, a chest of drawers, a marble bust of her on a pedestal, her easel, brushes, paint box and palettes, with little heaps of paint clinging to them. Her long black-cotton work apron and over-sleeves are hanging

Trocadero

from a hook, and several half-worn cushions are heaped on the floor.

Her mother, who lives at Nice and is no longer in affluence, makes the pilgrimage to Paris on All-Saints' Day and places a wreath of china roses inside the tomb near the marble bust. The china roses —Marie's favorite flowers—tell the heart-broken pathetic story. Marie's chef-d'œuvre, *The Meeting,* still hangs in the Luxembourg Musée. She died at the age of twenty-four.

Two days previous to All-Saints' Day, Madame Sara Bernhardt, if she is in Paris, makes a pilgrimage to the tomb which she has had built for herself

in Père-Lachaise, drops a great bunch of violets on the grave of Marguerite Gautier in passing, and then strews La France roses over and around the spot where, at some future time, life's curtain will be rung down on this most remarkable woman, actress, artist and sculptor, whose greatest and most fascinating rôle is that of Sara Bernhardt.

CHAPTER XIV

VERSAILLES

N A June morning, you take a seat on the *impèriale* of a tram on the Quai Passy, at the Pont Iena opposite the Tour Eiffel to visit sumptuous Versailles. You have been there before, but never in June, when the gardens and parks are gorgeously beautiful.

You do not enter the great palace with its heavy many-windowed façade stretching for a quarter of a mile across the wonderful gardens, and its halls of sculpture and galleries of paintings; neither do you visit the Grand Trianon, erected for Madame de Maintenon by Louis XIV., nor the Petit Trianon, which, although elected by Louis XV. for Madame du Barry, was the favorite resort of Marie Antoinette.

No, you remain outside and take your enjoyment

Madame du Barry

in the wonderful park, to create which cost so many millions of francs and the lives of so many men. You walk in the lovely gardens of flowers, among the statues and along the border of the lakes—in the beautiful avenues of fantastically-trimmed trees; you linger near the great fountain whose gigantic bronze figures discharge great jets of water a hundred feet in the air that fall in beautiful rainbow bouquets, sheaves and torrents; you wander on the fine grass avenues, running in every direction, lined on each side with trees whose branches meet and form a perfect leafy archway through which the sun rarely penetrates.

A view of the *Jeu de Paume* brings to your mind memories of the Revolution. You wander along the banks of the Grand Canal and call to mind the fleet of miniature craft always moored there in waiting

for the gay water parties of the court; you pass the Allée de la petite Venise and picture the gondolas gliding about under the master hand of the dark-eyed Venetian gondoliers; you hear the silvery laughter of the beautiful court dames and the thrum of the lute. Finally, you sit down and indulge in retrospection of this pageantry of court life enacted under these same trees three and four centuries ago.

Now you see the autocratic Louis XIV., who called

Madame Pompadour

himself the "representative of God on earth"; then Louis XV. strolling about with his favorite, Pompadour, whose prodigality cost France forty millions in gold. You picture one of these leafy avenues stretching away in the distance as far as the eye can see, covered to the depth of a foot with sugar and salt that this favorite of a great king might experience the novel sensation of a ride in one of the many quaint sleighs on a hot August morning while the poor of Paris were clamoring for bread.

Then, after the death of Pompadour, you see the beautiful blond wanton, Du Barry, playing her tricks on the king, the cardinal and the court, and in the lovely English gardens of the Petit Trianon among the exotic trees, charming Marie Antoinette flitting among the flowers which she so much loved, playing at the simple life; you observe her, wandering in and out of the Temple of Love in her white muslin gown, lace fichu and cap.

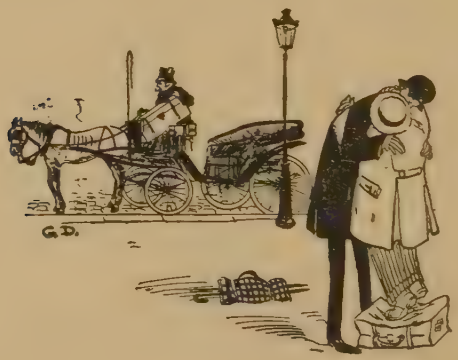
Then you see the blood-thirsty mob clamoring in the Cour de Marbre for her life.

You see the royal prisoners conducted to Paris by the screaming mob, carrying on their pikes the heads of the faithful Swiss and German royal body-

Quai Passy

guard. You see this proud lovely queen in the horrible cell of the prison Conciergerie, separated from her children, always so sad and sweet. Again you see her in the common *charette* sitting, proudly and stately, surrounded by the mocking reviling mob, en route from the prison to the guillotine, erected in what is now the beautiful Place de la Concorde. And you wonder what manner of men were they who condemned her.

You shudder with horror at your reverie of a past reality and hurry to catch your tram, which leaves on the hour, and as you swing along over the wide fine road, built by one of these prodigal kings, you are compelled to give him due credit.



CHAPTER XV

WHERE TO LIVE

Americans visiting Paris for the first time often are puzzled to know where they can find home comforts outside of the big hotels and furnished apartments.

I here recommend several houses that I have found comfortably heated and conveniently lighted, with excellent food, artistic and practical furniture and furnishings and with a complete absence of *pension* atmosphere.

The apartment-houses built in the last three or four years are supplied with baths, having hot water day and night, electric lifts and electric lights, often badly arranged. They have hot water or steam heat, but frequently one or two bedrooms in the most expensive apartments are without radiators.

The apartments built ten years ago are more often without baths than with them. Generally they are installed with hydraulic lifts, which often stop

between floors. They have *chauffage central,* which means that only the stairways and corridors are heated, the radiators never being more than warm. The proprietors permit very little coal to be burned during the day and at night just enough fire is kept to hold over until morning. They depend upon the concentration of heat expelled during the day to do duty for the evening and throughout the night, for a breath of fresh air never is permitted to enter the corridor of the grand stairway. Should you happen to leave the door open an inch or two the alert and impudent concierge will call out to you and ask you if you were bred in a cave—*elevé dans une cave.* In the most expensive apartments that luxury of warmth to which Americans are accustomed is totally lacking. However, I discovered three years ago, a small hotel which accommodates from forty to sixty people where one can be absolutely comfortable; where the furniture is sensible, the food is excellent and the decorations harmonious and artistic. Every corner is delightfully warm. There is nothing to offend the eye or nose, and there is everything to charm and please.

I was so agreeably surprised to find "all the com-

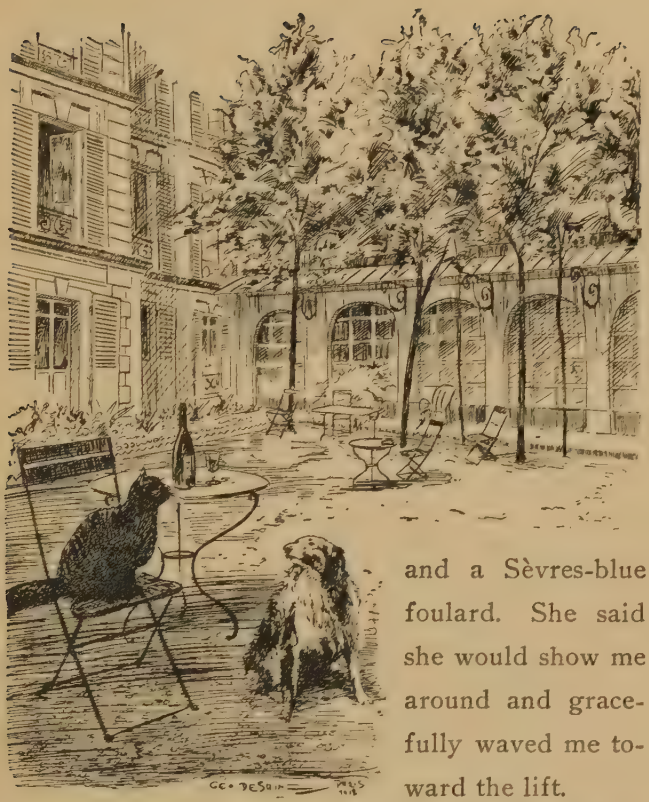
forts of a home" in what appeared to be a French hotel, that I asked the manager if Monsieur, the proprietor, had spent some years in New York. Then he explained that the proprietor was Madame T——, an American.

I sank into a luxurious chair in the reception hall and waited for Madame. I glanced at an elaborate wrought-iron grill which occupied twelve feet of space opposite me, and decided that a lift on the American plan was behind it. Alas! when the telephone rang this ponderous iron grill opened up, disclosing ten feet of the space converted into a writing-room and telephone booth, leaving a two-foot triangle for the lift.

An American, evidently just arrived, who had engaged rooms on the fourth floor, walked toward this interesting mass of grill and waited. He was of the practical good-natured type, conspicuous for lack of nervousness. Five minutes passed; then a boy in buttons came hurriedly toward him and announced, "But one leetle minute, Monsieur, and he descends." The American good-naturedly smiled at the boy and waited. He was in no hurry; he had come to Paris to amuse himself. Another three minutes passed.

Still no lift. The American began to look interested; he could not keep his eyes from the regions of the second floor. He tapped the grill lightly with his cane. Buttons, at the door of the bureau, was trembling with excitement. "Ah, *voilà!* he descends," and the boy almost burst his buttons with satisfaction as the lift came slowly into view, for the boy was a true Parisian type. But lo! something was wrong; the lift suddenly stopped, and then Buttons leaped up the stairs to the second floor, descended triumphantly in the lift and threw wide the little door for Monsieur to enter. He entered and waited, but the power was gone—all used up in the descent, no doubt. "*Encore* one leetle minute, Monsieur," pleaded Buttons. But the American veneer of calm had now melted. "D—— the lift!" said this human American, and with an apology to me, he walked up the stairs.

Presently the proprietor made her appearance, issuing orders in French to a maid above, as she descended the stairs—a charming woman with a Parisian command of the French language. She was divinely tall, willowy and very chic. She had a regal air and wore a wonderful *coiffe* of Titian hair



and a Sèvres-blue foulard. She said she would show me around and gracefully waved me toward the lift.

I remarked, "These French lifts must be bad for the nerves and temper."

"Oh, no," she replied, "they work very well; of course, not as they do in the States, but they are very well."

We entered; she pulled at the cord, but we re-

mained stationary. She tugged again and showed just a little impatience. One more tug at the cord, and then Buttons was called. He looked pale and frightened; it was no doubt his responsibility that the lift should ascend and descend promptly.

"Qu 'y a- t-il avec cet ascenseur?" demanded Madame. *"Je ne sais, Madame, il manque de la force,"* gulped Buttons.

She was annoyed. We stepped out and walked up. On reaching the grand suite of rose-pink salons on the first floor she espied two enormous electrolier shades awry, and this proved the last straw. She suddenly dropped her Parisian manner and confessed that there are many expressive American words more applicable in France than America. She added that if she remained under this strain much longer, she would become a disagreeable, wrinkled old woman.

She is one of the most superb women in Paris. Her successful efforts fascinate you, and when she "lets herself loose"—as the Georgian would express it—you can not resist her. I recommend her and her hotel, its location, food, service, everything—even the lift. Evening dress is *de rigueur,* and you

can be perfectly comfortable in it without cold chills running up and down your spine. It is a beautifully appointed, exclusive and refined French-American hotel with genuine New York heat—eighty degrees if you like—for Madame believes in burning coal, tons and tons of it, a quantity which would appal a French proprietor and cause him to dream of bankruptcy.

The only tragedy is the lift and Buttons. But they are the sauce which gives a *goût* to Paris life. Besides, one does not mind stairs; they are good for indolent Americans who always ride. But Madame confided to me that this year, 1912, would find her with a real American lift.

The number is 11 avenue MacMahon and, for Madame's sake, don't forget that the Mahon is pronounced Mä'on; otherwise the word would grate on your charming hostess and might be the cause of a tiny wrinkle.

Another very comfortable and well-appointed house is 4 rue Gounod—conducted by Madame de Korsak, a charming French lady who has lived eighteen years in Cincinnati and understands the comforts and requirements of Americans, and takes

pleasure in catering to their tastes. The house has steam heat, electricity, baths and electric lift, with a perfect French butler to serve you. Not more than ten can be accommodated. It is an excellent, exclusive and delightful home for young ladies alone in Paris, with conversation strictly French.

Still another very luxuriously-furnished house is at 155 rue de la Pompe. The furniture installation was done by Maple. Here you will never be at a loss to know what to do with big hats, shoes, gowns and lingerie—all are provided for. The house is conducted by a French woman, and there are comfortable luxurious salons and lounging rooms. You can buy your stamps and cigarettes and post letters in the house—an unheard of convenience. Electric lights are placed conveniently over the beds for reading. There is hot water heat, there are baths and an electric lift—a lift that works seventy-five times out of a hundred. The food is excellent, the maids are typical and the butler is attentive—for francs. Not more than twelve people are accommodated.

A very pleasant, well-furnished and artistic house at 11 avenue Malakoff, is conducted by a wonder-

John Calvin's House

fully vivacious little French widow who is extremely entertaining. She is one of those clever and versatile *Parisiennes* who can make anything with her fingers from a delicious soufflé to a corset. She is *distinguée* and conducts the house incognito, as she is in society and maintains her old home on the Quai Voltaire. She is one of the most fascinating *Parisiennes*. She has a fine wit, knows the theaters from A to Z, can tell you "who is who" in society, and is well informed in art and literature. She receives ten or twelve people and her

house has all modern conveniences. It is located near the Trocadéro.

A very old picturesque house on the left bank of the Seine, near the Panthéon and the Luxembourg Gardens, is 12 rue Valette. The house proper, with entrance through the court, has a fine old garden with ancient bas-reliefs taken from the ground, which previous to 1500, was a cemetery. The garden façade of the house has been restored and is very modern-looking in its face of pink bricks and cut-stone trim. A gallery or lounge room, eighty feet long, has the garden side entirely in glass and makes a very comfortable and cheerful room in which to read or write in winter, as it is well heated by an American base-burner.

The house was built in 1500 and has many winding corridors and quaint nooks. A fine old stone stairway winds up to the upper floors, but there are no modern conveniences except the bath. The rooms are heated by grates or little coal stoves and lighted with lamps and candles adorned with pretty shades.

The price is very moderate and the food good. The proprietor is Mademoiselle Guillier, who is

charming. She has conducted the house for thirty years.

In summer the place is filled with college boys from England and America, foreign students of the Sorbonne—both girls and boys—and often students of the Beaux Arts. In April or May, before the influx of vacation students, it is a charming place in which to pass a quiet month to study the life of the Luxembourg Gardens and the boulevard St. Michel. Always procure one of the large rooms in the house proper, as the rooms in the street-annex are not desirable.

It was in the narrow high house next door, at number 10, in the little square-box room at the very top, that John Calvin lived in 1560, before he fled to Geneva, to escape the wrath of Charles IX. and Catherine de Medici who endeavored to exterminate the Huguenots, the name given to the disciples of Calvin, on that terrible night of August 24, 1572, known as the massacre of Saint Bartholomew.

A china madonna, which was placed in a niche over the door of the entrance—for purificăti̇on—after Calvin's departure, can be seen to-day in the inner court.

CHAPTER XVI

AFFIRMATIONS

Woman is the power that moves the industrial and artistic wheel of Paris. She is superior to the man in every way.

One dines in Paris because dining is a pleasure.

The boulevards are inexhaustible theaters of entertainment.

The aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain sits behind the blinds of its exclusive dull interiors and sighs for better days.

The only difference, outwardly, between the *haute demi-mondaine* and the *grande dame* is six inches in width of skirt.

The *Parisienne* is a fascinating mother, always smiling, and proud of her daintily-dressed doll.

No city in the world is so beautiful and fascinat-

ing as Paris when enveloped in her blue-gray mist, out of which rise the gigantic monuments.

In Paris the saying that the greater number of Frenchmen are true to other men's wives is literally true.

The Parisian home is sacred if there are children. But many of the homes have only toy dogs.

Multitudes visit Paris every year without becoming acquainted with the real city, for they never deviate from the cosmopolitan center.

The French maid usually stands with Madame against Monsieur, although she is not above taking a bribe from her master and revealing one of Madame's secrets.

Paris is irresponsible. It is a city full of injustice, a medley of joy, sorrow and wickedness. Balzac has called it a monster.

The *ménage à trois* is discussed openly. Madame shrugs her shoulders at it and pursues her own intrigues.

The middle-class bourgeois is the true *Parisienne*

type. She is clever with her fingers, chic and full of movement.

The French government does much for the esthetic education of the people.

The problem of the very poor is passed over. They are left to themselves and the police, and are more miserable than those in London or New York.

Parisians are growing more like Londoners since the younger element has taken to golf, polo and tennis.

Paris refines and polishes and makes every woman essentially feminine by a thousand seductions.

The soldiers shuffle along and mimic their superior officers, although just now there is a tendency toward patriotic revival.

The clever *Parisienne* of moderate means buys from Paul Poiret or Callot a model gown from which her intelligent maid copies lines for several gowns.

Shopkeepers smile, and play their tricks openly.

The beautiful window curtains are one of Paris' great attractions; the meanest little wine-shop has its hand-embroidered and real lace-trimmed linen square across the lower pane.

The Parisian lives to gratify his five senses.

French girls of the middle class aspire to higher education.

Paris has no censor over the indecent and demoralizing performances at the theaters and the café concerts.

The third commandment is broken by every one who uses French matches.

It is a city of cafés and of art treasures, the former suited to all characters, and the latter to all tastes.

The art of the *Cubistes, Pointistes* and *Tartanistes* is mere buffoonery.

"The Futurists" are the latest monkeys to arrive. They aim to paint sentiment, vibration and movement.

"Chacun pour soi
Et Dieu pour nous tous,
Le Diable n'aura rein,"

is the Parisian's maxim and yet in the end the devil will sieze the greater number.

The *Parisienne* dresses to please Monsieur. She judges all other women by their clothes and their manner of wearing them.

Paris was built for kings and for the children of pleasure and folly.

The streets are paved with interesting history and romance—the romance of Dumas, Victor Hugo and Balzac.

The fascinating shops smile, bow and beckon to you.

Paris is tremendously decorative, artistic and harmonious. Although the most brilliant city in the world it is also the most blood-stained.

A French crowd is rude, often brutal.

The double-decked trams so much enjoyed by

sight-seers are rapidly being superseded by shut-in auto-buses.

Paris has a new sensation every hour.

The Parisian is often either over-refined or degenerate.

Government ownership is unpopular and a failure.

The French girl of twenty dreams of ideal love and often realizes after marriage that ideal love was a bundle of illusions tossed into her lap by Cupid when she departed on her honeymoon, *lune de miel.*

The Paris of to-day has retrograded in many ways from the Paris of ten or twelve years ago.

The *Parisienne's* home life is unsatisfying. She marries for emancipation; but she often finds only neglect and indifference and takes refuge in intrigue.

The nervous temperament of the Parisian is what makes the *café chantant* the popular and paying institution it is.

American contamination has made the shops expensive and their keepers insolent.

The little traffic policeman is insulted and buffeted about and rarely succeeds in holding in check a riotous crowd.

Picturesque Paris is rapidly disappearing; the old landmarks soon will be no more.

French women are thrifty, are wonderful domestic managers, and excel in charm, grace and chic.

Paris is always gay and frivolous. She gets through mountains of work, but takes her time.

The falling off in the population of France continues; children are unwelcome in most families.

From May to October Paris is one immense out-of-door salon.

Notwithstanding Paris is a city without a hearthstone, in every room there is a tiny fireplace.

Paris is either mocking and sneering or bubbling over with laughter.

The Parisian is not given to ostentation. He is considered more for what he is than for what he possesses.

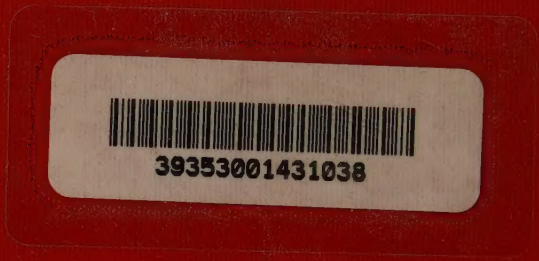
Often the *Parisienne* coddles the dog while an ignorant peasant nurse shakes and scolds the child.

French taxpayers grow more bitter. They are tired of ministerial scandals and incompetence, and all France is wishing for another Napoleon to gather up the loose reins of government in an iron hand, clean up the streets, ventilate the theaters, call in the bad money, reorganize the telephone service, discharge dishonest and insolent post-office employees, check tobacco monopoly abuses, enforce the law, manufacture matches that will light, abolish the Apaches, produce good opera, prohibit the display of improper books, cards and pictures, instil enthusiasm, dignity and patriotism into the soldiers, and in short create a new France. And yet, when everything is cleaned up and set in staid proper motion, it no longer will be the Paris which charms and fascinates, for its very tumultuousness and imperfections make you hold your breath and gasp, and you love it because there is no other city in the world that can make you gasp.

Dear glorious Paris! With all your overwhelming imperfections, I love you, and I shall regret

you, and long for you, until I see you again. I believe with Victor Hugo, to breathe your atmosphere preserves the soul—dear, dear Paris!

Au revoir!


39353001431038